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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 22, 1962, 35 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

What's the Rush?

★ If people owe you money, a mild recession isn't a bad thing. The conservative creditor may benefit by it. Prices tend to be stable so debtors must pay you back dollars of the same value they borrowed. A satisfactory number of unemployed keeps labor in its place. And if you have a deposit box filled with bonds and mortgages you don't have to worry; you can even have the fun of dispensing a little charity.

Rep. Wilbur Mills (D, Ark.), chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, sees no hurry about an expansionary tax cut. Let it wait till 1964, he says. The economy is in pretty good shape. "I can see no reason for rushing through a tax cut that would deepen the Federal deficit," he says.

That is the attitude of a good many conservatives. Looking around the world they are pretty well satisfied. They are getting three good meals a day. The stock market took a licking but maybe it will go up again. The nation bought price stability at the cost of retarded growth, and they love it.

Another nice thing about recession is that the people who suffer from it most can't do anything; they are the disenfranchised, the political neuters. Labor Secretary Wirtz noted "that this month, for the 61st consecutive month, except one, more than five percent of the American working force is unemployed." But why don't they revolt politically? Do the Negroes in Mr. Mills' Arkansas revolt – or even vote? As Wirtz observes, "Every month a larger portion of it [unemployment] is among younger workers and among members of minority groups." The largest groups are Negroes, teenagers and women. They are the ones who generally don't pay poll taxes, who don't fulfill two-year residential requirements, who don't read newspapers. They don't even know the score. And the people up in Representative Mills' bracket are comfortable enough.

A limping economy does, of course, have undesirable consequences. The crime rate goes up. Teenagers hang around street corners. City streets are unsafe. Furthermore, poor people can't buy the goods the factories produce: that hurts business in time.

It has uncomfortable world consequences, too. A ministerial committee of the 20-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development has just urged the USA for heaven's sake to use expansionary policies including a tax cut: they fear our dragging economy will drag back theirs too.

But is America's economy really lagging? The best, the most authentic, answer is just issued in Part 5 of a series prepared for the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, on "Dimensions of Soviet Economic Power." (The US Government Printing Office will print the whole series in time.) Here is the comparative average annual rate of growth of the seven largest industrial nations, 1955-1960 reduced to the same scale: Japan, 9.4; USSR, 6.5; West Germany, 6; Italy, 5.9; France, 4.2; UK, 2.7; USA, 2.3.

Not a very proud position for Americans is it, at the tail end of the procession? And President Kennedy, who was going to get the country moving again, hasn't improved it much. Give him credit though; he went up to NYC this week to urge his tax cut program, but he knows better than most of us the problem he faces in Congress.

The President's policy has been clear enough. He has let businessmen roll the idea of a tax cut over their tongues since last August. They like it. The NAM, the US Chamber, the Committee for Economic Development, all favor it. Most conservatives now, in a kind of backhand way, have accepted the Keynesian theory of deliberate expansionary deficits or, if they haven't, they agree that the present graduated income tax rates are excessive.

Mr. Kennedy evidently feels the Congressional liberals will back him for an immediate tax cut; he is trying to get businessmen to exert pressure on conservatives in Congress to come along too. It is pretty early to say, but this may be the biggest issue when the new Congress convenes.

For Just a Moment

★ The row over Adlai Stevenson, stirred up by Presidential friend Charles Bartlett and Stewart Alsop in the *Satevepost*, limped to its delayed end this week in Mr. Kennedy's press conference. The President ended it, as he could have done two weeks before, when he finally was goaded into making a warm, human defense of Adlai, coupled with a poignant reference to the loneliness of the White House. It sounds rather cold in print and all the President said was, referring to Messrs. Bartlett and Alsop, "The reporters who happened to be – The Presidency is not a very good place to make new friends. I am going to keep my old friends." He added that he was not responsible "for what they write."

Well, that put it in understandable terms; he wasn't going to throw the boys over although they had, in effect, let him down. The queer thing about Mr. Kennedy is how rarely he drops his reserve. For a moment, in this instance, it seemed to fall away; then he grabbed it again in embarrassment like a man losing his bathing suit. He would be a vastly more effective politician if he could more readily show a more human side. But asking a man to be somebody other than himself is fruitless; Mr. Kennedy is cool, impersonal, attuned to power, and with a positive allergy to public emotionalism.

Notes

★ The House Un-American Activities Committee may find subversives in the American peace group but we liked the comment of mild, white-haired Elizabeth Moos, 72, who was called to the stand: "I think this committee is doing a great disservice when it tries to attribute every effort for peace to the Communists; do you think they want peace more than we do?" . . . Fifty copies of the 12-page Paris edition of the strike-bound *NYTimes* are distributed to top government officials every day, President included; a typesetter in NY sets the plates electronically in France, they are printed there, flown to Washington and welcomed almost with tears.

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Bangles and Baubles

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Very early in the game, the three men who had been delegated by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a subcommittee to investigate Communist infiltration in the Women Strike for Peace began to wish they might go elsewhere. Clyde Doyle (D, Calif.), the chairman, had just finished saying that he really had not meant to say that a witness must prove she was not a Communist and, please, for people to stop questioning the motives of the Committee. Sitting to his left, William Tuck (D, Va.), the grand and portly former Governor who has been sent to Washington to spend his twilight years in the service of the House, was lazing comfortably in his chair, reading the papers and smoking a cigar, when a neat little woman witness said, in a tone calculated to bring any Southern gentleman to his feet, that she hailed from the great state of Virginia and my, she was surprised to see Governor Tuck here. Tuck plunged into his papers, obviously wishing he were dead. Donald Bruce (R, Ind.), the third member of the subcommittee, was attentive, grave and worldly-wise, until he attempted to assist another female witness in selecting that part of the Constitution she could invoke to avoid answering questions. He gave up and never again spoke a word.

Out in the caucus room, a sea of female faces stared at the Committee. Children cried; the room was bathed in the smell of perfume and flowers; a young woman sat placidly rolling her own cigarettes. Periodically the sea booed, hissed, applauded, stood up and sat down. It was rather like a very large and animated women's meeting.

Mr. Doyle had said in his very watery voice at the outset on December 11 that certainly not everyone in the peace movement was a Communist, nor even a fellow-traveler. But the Committee did have information and it needed to know the movements of "concealed agents of a foreign power" so that it could draft some legislation. "Frequently," he told a witness in an initial effort to achieve cooperation, "people come before the Committee and say, 'why yes, I was a member [of the party] 8, 10, 12 years ago'."

Alfred M. Nittle, the Committee Counsel, sounding like a falsetto Adlai Stevenson (through no fault of his own, one can be sure) continued the quest. The witness had just said she had not been a Communist for the past five years. Now that she was "alleging" she was no longer a Communist, was she an "anti-Communist?" What did the counsel mean by that, the witness wanted to know? Mr. Nittle said that was perfectly obvious to anyone. The woman said it was not

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obvious to her, but she would be glad to describe her political views. Mr. Nittle said this would not be necessary. Mr. Doyle said coyly, "I had what you'd call a hunch you were a member of the Communist Party."

Later, Mr. Nittle was in fine form. He was trying to prove that another witness was a member of a Communist group while she was at Vassar in the late 1930's. And was she not a member of the Young Communist League, he asked? Was this question really pertinent to the inquiry, she said? "The question is related to your present Communist Party membership," he replied. "I mean the *question* of your present Communist Party membership," he explained, looking like the cat that ate the canary.

Finally, even Mr. Nittle was reduced to ruin. He pleaded with the last witness, Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, that he did not doubt her loyalty and was not interested in her political affiliations. But he just could not understand how the Women Strike for Peace worked. He tried to show her that because Moscow newspapers carried accounts of the group's activities, somebody somewhere in the organization was a secret agent. When this failed he said that many of the telegrams sent to Representative Francis Walter, the chairman of the Committee, asking permission to testify, were signed by known Communists. "That was very brave of them," said Mrs. Wilson. But, he asked Mrs. Wilson, would the Women Strike for Peace associate with known Communists? "Unless everyone in the whole world joins us, then God help us," replied Mrs. Wilson to cheers and applause. Would she accept cooperation from Nazis and Fascists? "If only we could get the Nazis and Fascists on our side," she said. More cheers. But would she take no action whatsoever to prevent and eliminate Communists from positions of leadership in the Women Strike for Peace? "Certainly not," said Mrs. Wilson. Stormy applause. Mr. Bruce tried to smile. Mr. Tuck stared off into space. Mr. Doyle's mouth hung open in stupefied amazement.

Thus was the House Committee on Un-American Activities reduced to an incoherent babble last week by a group of matrons from Chicago, Washington and New York, and from the Bronx, Brooklyn and Roselyn Heights.

Joy to the Editors

To the glad tidings of the Christmas season, the editors of *The New Republic* add a note of cheer and thanksgiving. As of this issue, there are 51,700 subscribers, as compared to 42,687 at this time last year and 33,036 in December 1960. Advertising lineage, which increased in 1960 by 83.4 percent over 1959, went up another 47.2 percent in '61 and an additional 15.4 percent in '62.

Waning of an Empire

As the size and number of Britain's colonies goes down, the difficulty of getting rid of them increases. There is an explanation for the paradox. Nearly all of Britain's remaining colonies are so small that they have little chance of survival as independent states – it would bankrupt most of them to maintain even a dozen embassies abroad. But they are usually scattered so far apart that it is difficult to group them together into federal associations which have any real political or psychological identity – and it is often the smallest countries which have the keenest national pride. That is why the West Indian Federation broke down this year, and why it is still too soon to feel confident that the Malaysian Federation will come into existence next year as planned.

Partly in order to persuade Malaya to accept federation with Chinese-inhabited Singapore, Britain would like the small territories of Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo to join the Malaysian Federation. Although these three states are separated from the mainland by hundreds of miles of the South China Sea, the bulk of their inhabitants are racially akin to the Malayans. In the past, most of the objection to federation has come from the Chinese minority in the various states. But in August the elections in Brunei were won by a Malay party on an anti-federation platform; this party has organized the present uprisings.

Brunei itself is juridically a protectorate, not a colony, but Britain has total control of its defense and foreign policy, as well as a treaty obligation to assist the Sultan in maintaining internal security. She also owns the oil wells, which have been producing four to five million tons of oil for the last 10 years and have helped to give the 83,000 inhabitants of Brunei a higher standard of life than their neighbors in Sarawak. So it is not surprising that Britain immediately sent troops from Singapore to assist the Sultan in suppressing the revolt and to protect British lives and property in Brunei. Unfortunately you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them. Britain will not be able to keep forces permanently in the territory or for that matter force the local people to enter the Malaysian Federation against their will. The trouble is that if they don't join Malaysia the affluent Bruneians are likely to be swallowed either by the Philippines, which claim the area, or Indonesia, which borders on it.

Perhaps what these territories need to achieve freedom from colonial rule without either falling prey to some new imperialism or dissolving into inter-racial strife is a completely new type of status, which would make the United Nations responsible for their defense and would enable them to conduct diplomatic relations with other states without incurring all the represent-

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ative paraphernalia hitherto inseparable from sovereignty. The United Nations as an organization also has an interest in ensuring that the sudden proliferation of tiny new states, each claiming juridical equality with the US, the USSR and China, does not reduce its present constitution to absurdity. As things now stand, the loss of a separate seat at the United Nations may discourage small countries from federating with others when it is obviously in their interest to do so. Though the trouble in Brunei may encourage some thought about these problems, Britain is likely to carry her painful responsibility there alone during the critical period for decision.

The Prime Minister's Wife

The latest flirtation between Peking and South America has had some curious and apparently unintended results. During the first week of October there appeared on the front page of the *Guiana Graphic*, the largest daily paper in British Guiana, a photograph of Mrs. Cheddi Jagan, wife of the Prime Minister, amiably engaged in conversation with Mao Tse-tung in Peking. At the time it was greeted with indifference, for Janet Jagan travels extensively in Russia, China and Eastern Europe, making no bones about her interest in Communism or her dislike for the US where she was born.

Once the Chinese invaded India, however, the photograph became the source of extreme embarrassment to her husband and the People's Progressive Party which he leads. The Jagan forces depend at the polls on support from Indians, who comprise a majority of British Guiana's 600,000 citizens, and whose loyalty to India is still intense. Jagan's opponents distributed thousands of reprints of the Mao photograph to these Indians, many of whom work on the British sugar plantations.

This incident underlines the growing pressures on the Jagan regime. Despite his stunning victory in elections a year ago, Jagan has been unable to fulfill his promise of complete independence from the British. The London Constitutional Conference broke up last month after days of squabbling between Jagan and his opponents (Forbes Burnham, who leads the moderately leftist People's National Congress, and Peter D'Aguiar, a beer manufacturer who runs the rightwing United Force). Burnham and D'Aguiar want elections before independence; Jagan does not. Jagan wants to lower the voting age from 21 to 18; Forbes and Burnham do not. Dr. Jagan's proposals would most likely continue him in office; adoption of the opposition's would turn him out. Independence has now been shelved, though internal self-government continues.

The economy is in sad shape. When the Prime Minister introduced an austerity budget last February, thousands rioted in Georgetown (the capital) and British troops were needed to restore order. Today over 20 percent of the adult population is unemployed. Of Guiana's three major products (bauxite, sugar and rice), only bauxite has an expanding market. (Rice farmers depend on sales to Castro; there is a global sugar surplus.) Jagan has sought help everywhere. An AID team from the US has visited Georgetown, though the US has yet to offer any substantial assistance to Jagan. A group from Moscow will make a survey shortly.

Talk that Jagan is at heart a Communist continues. His opposition, particularly D'Aguiar, play on this theme and insist that a Soviet-inspired coup is imminent. This sort of exaggeration could easily lead to more violence. Yet, so long as his vehemently anti-Western wife remains Secretary General of Jagan's party, such theories will remain partially plausible. It has been said that Dr. Jagan would sacrifice anything or anyone to make his country independent. He could do worse than start with Janet.

Ellender in Wonderland

The returns are about in on Senator Ellender's incoherent and abortive African "fact-finding" mission. After press conferences in Durban and Salisbury, the Louisianan was quoted by Reuters as having said that he had seen no Africans "ready for self-government." The African response was swift, understandable and oversensitive. Ellender became independent Uganda's first prohibited immigrant. Similar bars were set by Tanganyika, the Congo, Somalia, and Ethiopia. Kenya did not keep him out, but pithy criticism came from both nationalists and the European community. Tom Mboya called him "a complete disgrace to the name of his country"; the European-owned *Daily Nation* spoke of a "bungler" undoing "the good work of the full-time diplomats." Northern Rhodesia's major nationalist party, soon to be in the government, lodged a strong protest with the US consul. Further afield, a Ghanaian columnist linked Ellender and Senator Thomas Dodd as members of the "lunatic fringe of Congress . . . [whose] views are important in the Democratic Party and the US Government." Radio Moscow's English-language African broadcasts cast Ellender as a selfish defender of American economic interests, indifferent to African development.

The transcript of the Salisbury press conference makes clear that Ellender was misquoted by Reuters. He did not say that Africans were not ready for self-government; he did say that African progress to date had come only with the aid and leadership of Europeans and that continued progress would depend on the expansion of this aid (particularly to African education in

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South Africa and the Portuguese areas) and the maintenance of economically viable units – like the politically crumbling Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. Ellender evaded questions about African leadership, and, in the tangled syntax of his rambling discourse, the correspondents present may have detected a condescending attitude toward African aspirations. Few of them reported his proud claim never to have voted for foreign aid, his view of himself as a powerful "minority" member of the Senate Appropriations Committee fighting against the Committee's "spenders," or his insistence that US aid to Africa be limited to some technical assistance (he was vague as to what form this might take) and to commercial loans.

Fortunately, most African leaders are too sophisticated and too preoccupied with more pressing problems to devote much attention to a lingering anachronism with a passion to travel.

Would that we could do the same. Even if it were possible to forget the man, the syndrome is unforgettable. Too much of Congress's hostility to foreign aid rests on Ellenderism: too much generalization, too little sympathy, and a profound incomprehension of the nature of the development process in the new nations.

Return of the Luddites

In the pressroom of the City Hall where Mayor Robert F. Wagner presides over a New York in slow decline, there is a wooden plaque set with the brass plates which used to mark the desk of each reporter on the City Hall beat. There are 12 of these plates for papers still alive, including one published in Italian and another in German; beside them, under the lettering "Lest We Forget", are the plates of 13 other papers which have disappeared, through merger or inanition, since Armistice Day, 1918. The list of the departed is larger already than the roster of the living, and the balance is likely to become still more unfavorable by the end, still indefinitely distant, of the International Typographical Union's strike against the city's seven major dailies.

On December 8, the ITU struck the *Times*, the *World-Telegram*, the *Journal-American* and the *Daily News*, the city's richest papers. The *Herald-Tribune*, the *Mirror*, and the *Post*, all of which are, like most Americans, if not indigent, at least deficit-prone, were not stopped. But the "weak three" closed down anyway, in solidarity with the "strong four." Marxists would say, of course, that this merely proves that the *Post's* liberal Dorothy Schiff and the *Mirror's* William Randolph Hearst, Jr. are only publishers under the skin. Realists suspect that these recruits to the united publishers' front decided the ITU's demands were so immense that any short-term gain from staying open would be turned to ashes if a settlement was ultimately reached on the ITU's terms. Whatever the motives, New York was, by Sunday, without newspapers. Secretary of Labor Wirtz came to their aid Monday and departed in defeat Wednesday, saying that the parties were as far from each other as the comic strips are from the hard news in their papers. He left in his wake the sense that New York would be without daily journalism through Christmas and probably well into the New Year.

The facts were simple, their implications disputable only by union prejudice. The New York local of the typographers had demanded an $18 a week increase (on an average wage of about $180). This was $10 a week more than the package accepted two weeks before by the American Newspaper Guild, which represents editorial and commercial employees. If the publishers granted the ITU's demands, the pressmen, stereotypers and others in the composing rooms could, in justice and realism, expect the same gains.

The publishers, of course, might accept this pill if the ITU would grant them a few concessions toward modern production methods. This sort of thing is always described as "automation"; the imagery it conjures is of honest journeymen with years of service shivering on the streets. The true prospect is somewhat less horrid. The ITU enjoys vast privileges of waste, of which setting bogus type to keep employees busy is only the least defensible example. The publishers cannot challenge these customs; they would be satisfied if they could introduce automatic typesetters for the stock market returns and the baseball box scores, two features which are both necessary and dreadfully expensive.

The national ITU, which has been immersed in strikes ever since the war, has accepted the reality of mechanical progress; its only demand, which is a proper one, is that the publishers agree not to lay anyone off if any new devices are introduced. But vacancies left by death and retirement need not be filled. This is a policy balancing the humane with the practical.

A year and a half ago, however, the New York local of the ITU elected a new president, Bertram Powers, whose pledge was that this step backward would never

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happen in New York – where by custom a job is guaranteed not merely to each member but to every foreseeable generation of his descendants and Caucasian collaterals. Powers' ambition was plainly to use his victory to make himself president of the national ITU.

The ITU can last indefinitely; the city's job printing shops are short of labor; the newspaper printers can catch on there, even though they may be surprised to find that the standards of the craft are disturbingly higher than their custom. The ancient tradition of the ITU is that it makes little difference if a newspaper is forced out of business so long as the scale is raised and the old practices left inviolate: typesetters can always work. The only real losers are the reporters, who are already victims of the machine, since their publishers make little distinction between wire service material, which might have been written by a computer, and the local product. A printer for a dead newspaper becomes a printer somewhere else, which is no shame; a reporter for a dead newspaper can only become a press agent. The print remains; only the hand on the typewriter is stopped.

There are ironies here for everyone who talks about the sort of labor movement we need. The International Typographical Union is a monument to unions before rationalization. It is totally democratic; Bertram Powers, who is profoundly wrong, may become president of the ITU because he is wrong the way his members are. The ITU's history since World War II is like the record of poor Mr. Dulles' foreign policy: it passes from disaster to disaster, with each new one offered as a triumph. We can hear the echo of Mr. Nixon when Powers is elected its president: "Isn't it nice to have an ITU president who stands up to the publishers."

Still, Barry Goldwater tells us that what we need are democratic unions, and academicians at polar distance from him compose poems, in the meter of Max Weber, to the ITU's two party system. The result we see here is beautiful and glorious and part of whatever pride remains in the American labor movement; and is there anywhere a God who will deliver us from its results?

MURRAY KEMPTON

The US Nuclear Monopoly and Europe

Only One Driver Can Sit at the Wheel

by Walter Lippmann

It has, I know, been said in Europe that the United States has always had a special interest in Cuba, and that, therefore, the firm stand of the President is no proof that the United States would be equally firm in, let us say, Berlin.

Our answer to these skeptics might begin, I think, by asking them to look at what the United States was actually firm about in Cuba. It was firm, as I have already pointed out, about the Soviet strategic weapons in Cuba, which, in the American view, were offensive because they were good only for a first strike. Had the missiles been put in place, they would have changed seriously the balance of nuclear power in the world.

The United States deployed its whole military power, nuclear and conventional, against such an alteration of the status quo. It would do the same, and it would do it for the same kind of reason, if the Soviet Union moved with military force against Berlin or against any other point which is critically important to the maintenance of the status quo in the balance of strategic power.

But, I say but, the United States did not use its power to unseat Castro or to crusade against Communism. It did not use its power for political or ideological ends. In my opinion, it will not risk a nuclear war in Europe over anything less than that for which it risked war in Cuba – that is to say, a radical move against the balance of strategic power. That is why the US will defend the physical freedom of West Berlin. But it will not risk a nuclear war over political and juridical issues.

I shall venture now to say a few words about the relations of the United States and Western Europe in regard to the world balance of power.

During the Cuban confrontation, it was evident in

WALTER LIPPMANN'S *address, from which we have taken this excerpt, was delivered in Paris to the Anglo-American Association on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the Paris edition of the* Herald-Tribune.

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Washington that the crucial decisions were being taken without consultation with our European allies. I would not for a moment minimize how hard it is for great and proud nations to feel that they are being taken to the brink of catastrophe while the outcome is being determined in Washington and Moscow.

As I understand what went on, our allies were not consulted in the Cuban crisis because of the belief that the risk of war would have been much increased. The American intention was to react sharply but to react for a limited aim and with limited means.

Had this intention become known before it was announced – and in a consultation it would almost surely have become known – there was a probability that the Soviet government would take the initiative either by proclaiming defiantly the presence of the missiles or by denouncing the proposed quarantine as an act of "piracy."

Had that denunciation been made before the quarantine was proclaimed and enforced, both Moscow and Washington would have been committed to a collision course. Mr. Kennedy could not have gone backward. Khrushchev could not have done what in fact he did do, which was to accept the quarantine in what was, it seems to me, a rather elegant and nonchalant way.

Whether or not you think the American reason for not consulting Europe was a good reason, I think I am right in saying that our experience in the confrontation has confirmed us in the view that the command of nuclear power to balance Soviet nuclear power cannot be divided or shared.

The direction of the nuclear power of the Western world is like driving a car on a hair-raising mountain road. Only one can sit at the wheel. Others in the car can help to decide, before he starts, whether to take the mountain road or to seek a safer though longer one.

But once the road is chosen – once the objective, the policy, the strategic plan have been agreed to by consultation as a shared responsibility – there can be only one driver at the wheel. And while the other passengers may not wholly like him, whether or not they think he is a very good driver, it is still safer for all concerned than if there were two or three drivers, trying to grab the steering wheel at the same time.

The Cuban confrontation has demonstrated, we believe, not only that the command of nuclear power is indivisible. It has demonstrated also the importance of conventional military power when nuclear power has been balanced and neutralized. The United States prevailed in Cuba because, after nuclear power had been neutralized, it had powerful conventional weapons.

The American position in this matter should not be misunderstood. The United States Government is not interested in maintaining for itself a monopoly of nuclear weapons in the Western alliance. The United States does believe that within our alliance all nuclear forces, European and American, should be effectively integrated – that is to say, that they should have agreed targets, intimate reciprocal intelligence and, for the moments of decision, a unified command.

The American position is based not only on a conviction as to how Western nuclear forces should be directed; it is based also on the realization that the United States cannot afford to provide the nuclear power of the Western alliance, and at the same time to contribute a disproportionate amount to the conventional defense of Europe, and, in addition, continue to meet its obligations in Asia and in Latin America.

We believe that before the European nations, severally or jointly, can commit themselves to the gigantic cost of becoming nuclear powers, they should realize that the American nuclear power is adequate, that it cannot be duplicated quickly, that all of Western Europe combined will almost certainly not make a nuclear force capable of substituting for the force which the Americans have built up in the past 17 years.

At the same time, as the Cuban affair has illustrated visibly, conventional forces are essential to the defense of Europe. The United States cannot afford to fulfill its worldwide obligations and also carry the main burden of the conventional defense of Europe. Europe cannot create an adequate nuclear force and also adequate conventional forces; it seems to us essential as a practical matter that there be for the time being a division of labor.

Does this mean that Europe must leave the nuclear defense of the Western world to the United States? For some years to come, we believe that this is unavoidable, for it will take many years before Europe could have effective nuclear forces. It does mean that Europe must trust the honor and the competence of its American ally in providing and managing what will be at least 90 percent of all the nuclear forces of the Western alliance.

Does this mean, as it is said, that we are asking Europe to supply the infantry while we supply the artillery? It does not mean that. The Cuban crisis proved conclusively that we prevailed not only because we had the nuclear power to neutralize Soviet nuclear power but because we also had superior conventional forces in the Caribbean.

It is all very well to call these conventional forces the infantry. But, in fact, they consisted of naval ships, air forces, paratroopers and marines. To those who tell us that we are trying to monopolize the big weapons which give prestige, or that we are trying to reduce Europe to the prosaic role of supplying the foot soldiers, my reply is that we are providing for the defense of Europe a big share – perhaps a disproportionate share – of the conventional forces, including the foot soldiers.

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Must We Have Blind Faith

by Raymond Aron

Paris

Mr. Lippmann's remarks have stirred up some passionate discussion in Europe, in view of the eloquence and brutal frankness with which they express a trend of opinion in the United States.

Lippmann maintains (and I think he is right) that it would have increased the hazards of the Cuban operation if the United States had consulted its allies before proclaiming the quarantine. At the same time, however, he unequivocally spells out the full import of the American monopoly: it is the President of the United States who is driving the Atlantic car over mountain roads, and the passengers – in other words, the European countries – must have absolute faith in the driver. This is asking a great deal of them. How do they know what the driver's intentions are? According to Lippmann the driver will have recourse to the threat of nuclear force when – and only when – the "balance of strategic power" is endangered. Admittedly, the emplacement of missile launching ramps in Cuba would have materially altered this balance. (Actually, it would have altered the psycho-political balance more than anything else if it is true, as the experts claim, that there were many more missiles in Cuba than launching sites, which would have been absurd if the aim of the operation had been essentially a military one.) But by what miracle can West Berlin be related to the balance of nuclear strength?

"In my opinion," Mr. Lippman states, "[the United States] will not risk a nuclear war in Europe over anything less than that for which it risked war in Cuba – that is to say, a radical move against the balance of strategic power. That is why," he adds, "the US will defend the physical freedom of West Berlin. But it will not risk a nuclear war over political and juridical issues."

Is Lippmann on sound ground here? There is no dearth of "political and juridical issues" which will in the end jeopardize the "physical freedom of the people of Berlin." Unless it is axiomatic that the loss of West Berlin would mean eventually losing the entire Federal Republic of Germany, it would appear that the fate of the former capital of the Reich is a perfect example of those "political," issues for which, if Mr. Lippmann is right, the United States should not risk war.

When a writer of superior intellect is tripped up by his own arguments, it is because he has let himself be carried away by some other desire than the search for truth. In this case Lippmann is succumbing to the desire to establish a clear and simple distinction between what does and does not justify the risk of nuclear war; he is trying to draw a parallel between the case of Berlin and that of Cuba and thereby answer European insinuations that the United States is more willing to take action when the coasts of Florida are at issue than when the Wall of Berlin is at stake.

In this attempt Lippmann has failed simply because it was an impossible endeavor from the outset: the only common denominator in the Cuba and Berlin situations is that in each case there was a commitment by the United States. President Kennedy had gone on record that he would not tolerate offensive weapons in Cuba, and he had sworn to defend the freedom and access rights of West Berlin. At the same time, it is obvious that when Lippmann asks Europeans to let America handle the wheel of the car, he is really asking them to abdicate after a fashion. To the extent that diplomacy in the atomic age uses the threat of nuclear force as a deterrent weapon, the combination of an American monopoly and non-consultation with its allies reduces the European countries, in the last analysis, to the status of protectorate nations. General de Gaulle, whose projects are such a source of concern to Lippmann, could not have asked for a more striking confirmation of his contentions.

And what difference does this make, Lippmann may reply; the fact is that even a united Europe will need many years before it can build up a deterrent force worthy of the name; for the moment, only the United States possesses such a force and it is keeping control of it. Granted that this is true, nevertheless even Lippmann, at risk of contradicting himself, maintains at the conclusion of his address that the monopoly of nuclear weapons held by the United States "will pass away in the course of time."

This being the case, why don't our American friends offer the Europeans some alternative other than blind faith in the driver and renunciation of all their autonomy? If the American viewpoint is in fact the one set forth by Lippmann, the Europeans will undoubtedly do the very thing he would like to dissuade them from

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doing, but toward which he is actually driving them: The Europeans will make the heaviest possible sacrifices in order to attain a deterrent force which may well turn out to be ineffective.

Lippmann very rightly stresses the importance at this time of not boxing in one's adversary so that all his exits are barred; he also emphasizes the wisdom of avoiding "intolerable provocation and humiliation." Is this sage advice not just as applicable to the relations of the United States with its European allies?

What Could Britain Do?

by Denis Healey

London

As the talks on Britain's entry into the Common Market run deeper and deeper into the sand, attention is focusing more and more on the last card in Mr. Macmillan's hand – Britain's precarious eminence as the only European power with an effective nuclear striking force. Implicit in Mr. Lippmann's remarks is the awareness that President de Gaulle intends France to build up her own independent deterrent, and that he bitterly resents the fact that although America continues to assist Britain's nuclear program, she refuses all atomic aid to France. Is there any way in which Britain can offer de Gaulle the nuclear assistance he desires in return for French consent to Britain's entry into EEC.

Whitehall's nervous denials of the rumors now multiplying about an offer along these lines only serve to confirm that something is in the wind. But all the evidence suggests that though Britain may now be preparing to throw her atomic bombers into the bargaining arena, de Gaulle's price is too high for Britain to satisfy on her own. The problem is easily defined. Since the atomic aid Britain has received from the United States is strictly conditional under American law on Britain's undertaking not to share her knowledge or equipment with third parties, Britain cannot offer physical assistance to de Gaulle unless Congress amends the McMahon Act. But both Congress and the Kennedy Administration are determined that America's virtual monopoly of nuclear power shall not be shared. The British striking force is so closely integrated with the American that it can hardly be called independent – even more so since it is now likely that America will cancel her *Skybolt* project for a long-range air-to-ground missile. Without *Skybolt* Britain's deterrent will soon be ineffective against Soviet anti-aircraft.

America does believe, as Mr. Lippmann says, "that within our alliance all nuclear forces, European and American should be effectively integrated." The US has often declared her readiness to provide nuclear weapons for a European deterrent, but only on condition that the Europeans first agree on how it is to be organized and controlled as an integral part of the US striking force. But since no one has any idea of how a coalition of sovereign states can collectively control such a force without rendering it ineffective as a deterrent, this is in fact simply a way of evading the issue. In any case, as the French Foreign Minister has made clear, France does not believe there is a substitute for purely national defense systems, and does not intend to be sidetracked from the pursuit of nuclear independence by meaningless formulas for collective deterrents: nor for that matter does she want to see Germany with the same nuclear capacity that she seeks.

Thus the only British offer which provides any real prospect of being negotiable would be a bilateral partnership with France, if necessary at the expense of a serious rupture with the United States. The collapse of the *Skybolt* project, and the obvious precedent set by the Anglo-French agreement to produce a Mach-2 airliner – the "Concorde" – have brought such an offer sufficiently far into the realm of possibility to evoke a minatory editorial in the London *Times*, which points out that if such a joint force were fully independent "the Atlantic alliance would be in danger; no American Government could be expected to remain committed long term to the defense of Europe in such a case."

On the other hand, the fear of such an offer by Britain may exert pressure on the Kennedy Administration to look more favorably at French demands for nuclear aid. Many Americans feel that de Gaulle's recent election triumph makes it necessary to find some answer to the problems posed by his claims – perhaps by conceding his long-standing demand for a three-power political directorate in the Western alliance. Unfortunately almost any concession to de Gaulle's basic position would create even more problems for America and the West than it is likely to solve.

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Hoffa on Trial

by Christopher Jencks

The Nashville trial of James R. Hoffa for violation of the Taft-Hartley Act should draw to a close this week. Even if Hoffa is convicted, the longstanding war between Hoffa and the Kennedys will still be far from over. A conviction would be appealed. An appeal might be sustained. Even if it weren't, and Hoffa went to jail, he would face a maximum sentence of two years and a fine of $20,000. He would probably remain president of the 1.7 million member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen, and Helpers. The Administration would still not have delivered on Kennedy's campaign claim that "an effective Attorney General with the present laws that we now have on the books can remove Mr. Hoffa from office."

This was a startling claim. Most people would imagine that removing union presidents from office was a job for the membership, not the Attorney General. There is, of course, provision under the Landrum-Griffin Act that men convicted of certain serious crimes cannot hold union office, but Hoffa had not in 1960 (and has not today) been convicted of any crime, serious or otherwise. A Nashville conviction would not be of sufficient magnitude to bar him from office.

The Kennedy effort to divest Hoffa of control over the Teamsters has all the earmarks of a moral crusade, and moral crusades tend to become larger than life. For one thing, the magnitude of the threat posed by Hoffa is usually exaggerated. For another, the mixed motives and consequences of his activities are often ignored. He is treated not like other defendants, a mere mortal, innocent until proved guilty, but as the incarnation of evil. On August 19, 1960, for example, Robert Kennedy wrote to the editor of the *American Weekly*, commenting on a story which had quoted him as saying that the Teamster attorneys were "legal prostitutes." The Teamsters, he said, "have about the largest array of legal talent in the country. Many of them are not labor lawyers but criminal attorneys. They are financed through the use of huge amounts of union members' dues money and often their only job is to ensure that Mr. Hoffa and his cronies remain in their positions of power within the Teamsters' Union. These men are the legal prostitutes."

It is important to look closely at this charge. Note that Robert Kennedy was not alleging a breach of professional ethics or sharp practice by any particular Teamster attorney. He was implying that *any* attorney, however honest, who devoted himself to keeping Hoffa out of jail and in office was, *ipso facto*, a prostitute. This despite the fact that the right to counsel is guaranteed by the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution. In this case, the charge is made doubly disturbing by the fact that the main crime of the "prostitutes" had been to persuade two different juries that indictments for bribery and wiretapping obtained by the Justice Department against Hoffa had been groundless. It is understandable that those who regarded Hoffa's guilt as one of the axioms of life – and they were many – saw these acquittals as evidence that his attorneys were "prostitutes." But an equally logical inference might have been that Hoffa had been wrongfully accused and that his attorneys had rendered service not only to him but to the cause of justice in seeing that he was not convicted.

Five months after making this charge Robert Kennedy became US Attorney General. Since then he has sought, in his brother's phrase, to be more "effective" than his predecessors. Between 30 and 40 different grand juries are believed to have looked into various Teamster activities; many of these investigations have produced indictments. But the only indictment against Hoffa himself has been the one returned last May in the "Test Fleet" case now on trial in Nashville. In trying to gain perspective on the whole Hoffa-Kennedy war, one must bear in mind that the Test Fleet case is eight years old, having first been aired in Congressional hearings of 1954. According to Drew Pearson the Justice Department dropped the case then in return for Teamster support for Senator Homer Ferguson's reelection campaign. The Teamsters say the suit was dropped because Justice had no case. Whatever the reason, the case lay dormant long after Ferguson's retirement, and was not revived until last winter.

According to the indictment, Commercial Carriers, Inc., an auto shipping firm, with whom the Teamsters had been negotiating, established a subsidiary in 1949 called Test Fleet, Inc. Test Fleet leased trucks back to Commercial Carriers. Once established, its stock was transferred to Mrs. James R. Hoffa and Mrs. Bert Brenner. Over the next decade Test Fleet earned nearly $250,000 before taxes. The Teamsters say this was a normal business transaction and that in any case the prohibition of Taft-Hartley against union officials taking money from employers does not mention wives.

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The Justice Department disagrees with this explanation.

Having intiated grand jury inquiries in Nashville last February, the Justice Department was unexpectedly confronted with a problem in April. On April 2, 1962, Judge John D. Martin of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals died. For political reasons his successor had to come from Tennessee. And Judge William E. Miller, the Federal District Judge in Nashville, was one of the more obvious candidates. He was, it is true, a Republican. But he had endeared himself to local Democrats by appointing Democrats to almost all the Court House jobs at his disposal, sometimes even displacing Republicans to make room for them. He was also respected (and later endorsed) by the Nashville Bar, despite the fact that he had come to Nashville only a few years before. As a result, according to press reports, he was one of several men mentioned for the Circuit Court by Senators Gore and Kefauver to the Attorney General.

At this point the Justice Department had a choice. It could have dropped the case against Hoffa in Nashville, seeking an indictment in Detroit or elsewhere. Instead, it pressed on, obtaining an indictment on May 18. Having done so, it confronted a second problem. On April 26 Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach had predicted in Nashville that there would be an Appeals Court appointment to fill the vacancy left by Martin's death by "early summer." If this prediction had been fulfilled, and if the appointee had not been Judge Miller, the problem would have been solved. However, had Miller been promoted to the Court of Appeals, the Hoffa trial would have fallen to the other Nashville district judge. This judge had been appointed by President Kennedy several weeks after the grand jury which indicted Hoffa was convened. If such a judge had presided there would certainly have been a great outcry about hand-picking him to try the Kennedys' leading enemy.

No promotion was made either by "early summer" or, indeed, by early winter. Nor is one now thought imminent. Instead, Judge Miller was asked to try Hoffa, while his candidacy remained in the air. This has placed the Judge in the awkward position of knowing that while he is arbitrating between the Attorney General and Hoffa, the Attorney General is scrutinizing his judicial work with an eye to promotion. This is not to say that Miller is or could be influenced in any egregious manner. Even the cynic must realize that the worst thing he could do, so far as the Attorney General is concerned, would be to rule in favor of the government and then be reversed by the Appeals Court, producing a mistrial. But where the law is ambiguous – where honest men disagree and it is impossible to tell what the Appeals Court will decide – Miller is in a difficult position, no matter what he does. In particular, he may have surmised that if he refused jurisdiction, supporting the Teamsters' claim that the cases should be tried in Detroit, he would remain an outside candidate for promotion. If, on the other hand, he accepted jurisdiction, handled the difficult but widely-publicized case with distinction, and was not reversed by the Court of Appeals, he would deservedly become a leading candidate for promotion.

In elaborating these possibilities I am not suggesting that Judge Miller has treated the Teamsters unfairly. I have no reason to think he has. Nevertheless, I wonder whether it is wise to perpetuate a system which makes the same agency of the government responsible both for prosecuting cases and recommending promotions. There has been sporadic talk for many years about establishing an independent judicial commission to advise the President on judicial nominations, and while such a plan is open to criticism it might do something to solve this particular problem. As has been said many times, it is important not only that justice be done, but that it is *seen* to be done. Any seeming conflict of interest, no matter how unsubstantial, brings the integrity of the courts into question.

So long as Hoffa remains head of the Teamsters' Union it is of comparatively little consequence whether he is convicted or acquitted in Nashville. The great public issue is whether the government will, through its Nashville presentation and a court verdict, persuade the typical truck driver that Hoffa is unfit for office. In my own view, he is unfit for office. But I am not a member of the Teamsters' Union, and my view is not likely to influence Hoffa's future. Hoffa and his colleagues will try to convince their membership that he is being persecuted by the Justice Department for his militance in securing better wages for the truckers, and in organizing the hitherto unorganized. Given the pretext of presiding Judge Miller's situation, they may well succeed. It is of no use in such cases to point out that the trial has not been rigged, or that the Court of Appeals would reverse Miller if he were unfair to Hoffa; a truck driver with a suspicious mind and a limited knowledge of the law is not likely to be impressed by such abstract arguments.

What should the Justice Department have done? It could easily have cleared itself of all doubts by appointing someone other than Miller to the Circuit Court before the Hoffa case came to trial, allowing Miller to try the case free from anxiety. If, on the other hand, it wanted to promote Miller, Justice could have removed the case to another District or dropped it altogether. (Removal would not, of course, have prevented another vacancy occurring in the new Circuit's Court of Appeals, starting the whole cycle over again.)

Dropping the Nashville case would not, it should be added, have meant allowing Hoffa to go his way unchallenged. There is another case pending against

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Hoffa in Tampa, initiated in the last days of the Eisenhower Administration and dragged out until this fall by the obstructionist tactics of the Teamsters. This is a more serious case than the Nashville one, charging Hoffa and a Detroit banker named Robert E. McCarthy with fraud, "by mail, telegraph and telephone." In arguing against bringing this case to trial on October 15, as agreed last June, the government even went so far as to obtain an affidavit from McCarthy's physician, without McCarthy's consent, stating that he was too sick to go to trial. This despite the fact that McCarthy himself claimed he was ready for trial. In addition, the Teamsters charge that the Justice Department put pressure on the Courts to have the case delayed, so as to go to trial in Nashville.

Finally, let me emphasize that Hoffa is not the innocent victim of a Kennedy vendetta. In distributing pluses and minuses in this case I imagine an impartial observor would give a dozen minuses to the Teamsters for every minus he gave the Justice Department. But even one minus is one too many. In dealing with a man who has had a record of personal animosity and political conflict with the Attorney General, no amount of restraint by Federal prosecutors is too great.

What Freeman's Up Against

by Asher Brynes

Part of the business of a Secretary of Agriculture is to do those things which will deliver the farm vote to the Administration that appointed him. This job has grown more difficult in recent years. Farmers are the only large group of small enterprisers still functioning on the *production* side of the American economy; other family businesses are concentrated mainly in retailing and the service trades. Furthermore, the drive for efficiency in farm production – a belated response to what has been going on a long time in US industry – has led to a rapidly accelerating trend toward crop specialization. Today there are 26 major types of farms irrespective of size. Few commercial farmers have the time to bother with kitchen gardens. Their wives shop in small-town supermarkets that are exact replicas of similar establishments in suburbs and cities.

Since the farm vote is now so cut up into commodity groups, a Secretary of Agriculture has to deal with their grievances one by one. Furthermore, since the First World War the Department of Agriculture Extension Service has been teaching farmers how to keep books, not only because this helps them qualify for bank loans and other credit, but because efficiency depends on knowing which cows yield less milk, which hens lay fewer eggs, and which fields grow thinner crops. All this cost accounting has led to increasing separation and specification of farm interests. Each group knows precisely where the shoe pinches. So it is no wonder that Orville Freeman says that farmers in general will have to speak with one voice if they are to make themselves heard. "If it [the farm interest] speaks with a Babel of voices, then I fear the Congress will be inclined to say that no one speaks for agriculture and nothing can be done for those who cannot agree among themselves."

Mr. Freeman himself has to speak for *all* US farmers not only when he talks to Congress about agricultural legislation, but also when he is negotiating export terms on their behalf with the Ministers of Agriculture of the Common Market countries. This is a very serious responsibility, because 16 percent of US farm sales are overseas. The situation is particularly acute in the expensively price-supported farm products: we export half our production of wheat, cotton and rice, and 40 percent of our soybean production; a third of American grown tobacco is shipped abroad.

All told, American farm exports amount to the yield of about 60 million acres of our farm land. This, let me point out, is equal to the combined agricultural area of the United Kingdom and West Germany, and almost as large as the acreage under cultivation in France.

Puny as it may seem in comparison with US farm production, however, the output of French agriculture is gigantic in the Common Market area. What is more important, France has an unrivalled capacity to expand farm production *inside* that area. There are more than 30 million acres in pasture in France, many of which could be put to the plow if the Common Market hiked the price of a hardy grain like wheat (which grows practically anywhere) enough to make production increases profitable. That may be a tempting prospect. The French had serious trouble with their farmers last year. A potato rebellion in Brittany led to the actual seizure of the provincial town of Morlaix by men with

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pitchforks, who, in a symbolic gesture, broke into the polling places, tossed out the ballot boxes, and made a bonfire of them. Incidents of this kind multiplied throughout Western France from Finistère to Toulouse. At that time the Minister of Agriculture, M. Rochereau, hastened to confer with Premier Debré, and both tried to soothe the fractious farmers with rhetoric. The farmers were unappeased, however, and both Rochereau and Debré have been removed. The wrathful farmers felt so strongly about M. Debré that they voted him out of public life altogether in the recent election.

If Debré, a co-founder of the Gaullist regime, went down at a time when de Gaulle himself won by a landslide vote unparalleled in France's modern history, it behooved all other French politicians to take notice. And the present Minister of Agriculture, Edgar Pisani, shows a lively grasp of political realities. He too must operate under the recent law establishing the principle of parity between the incomes of French farmers and industrial workers. This parity principle – the basic shibboleth of agrarianism the world over – has also been written into the preamble to US price-support legislation for the past generation. But it is in abeyance in our country because of the sheer impossibility of doing it by state action in an era of such rapid advancement in agricultural technology.

Productivity on the Farm

Until the missionaries of the Marshall Plan brought the gospel of productivity in farm as well as in factory to France in the late 40's – just before the Korean War gave farm prices in the Western world an additional skyward boost – French agriculture slept behind an impermeable tariff barrier. Ten acre farms were cherished for what seemed good reasons. A numerous peasantry was thought to stabilize the social life of a country addicted to volatile politics. Besides, a nation should at least be self-sufficient for food in time of war. And country people make the best soldiers, since they are accustomed to hard work and exposure to all weathers. They marched in the Roman armies that beat all comers in the ancient world; they were Swiss pikemen who pushed down the armored knights at the end of the Middle Ages. They made up the rank and file of the nation-in-arms, the Napoleonic invention with which the French almost conquered the Western world. In the presence of the more numerous Germans on the other side of the Rhine, the peasantry of France has represented a factor of not inconsiderable security as well as stability.

In the postwar period farm modernization changed this somnolent picture. The number of tractors owned by Frenchmen rose from 35,000 to over 800,000 and combines (harvester-threshers) from 260 to more than 60,000; fertilizer use has risen 300 percent. What this means is that most French farmers are now operating on what amounts to a cash basis. They can't retreat to a subsistence level any more. And very large numbers of them owe money on these expensive machines. One of the marvels of the new agricultural technology, in fact, is that it has broken down the French farmer's traditional aversion to debt. France is equipped to supply more of the Common Market's needs for foodstuffs and – this deserves emphasis – must plan to do so because of the complications created by this wave of modernization. The question to be determined is: how much is "more"? And what effect will "more" have on US foreign sales?

At the present rate of production French farm output is rising much faster than the growth of her population. By 1965 – if present plans work out – exports of farm products from France should rise by about two-thirds. These plans include exports of large tonnages of wheat and feed grains into the European market in which the US has a stake. The so-called Pisani decrees which came into force last August provide for the further consolidation of French farms to achieve the higher efficiencies required. Semi-public land buying companies representing the government and the French farm organizations are to go into operation in each of the 90 departments of France. They will have a prior right to purchase almost any farm land that comes on the market. Furthermore, special commissions are to regulate the amount of farm land that any person may buy on his own account; and finally, uncultivated land whose owners are delinquent in tax payments may be seized and deeded to neighboring farmers who, in the commission's opinion, may put it to better use. The goal of all this effort is the creation of a prosperous French agricultural community of commercial farmers.

When M. Pisani talks tough to his fellow-Ministers of Agriculture in the European Economic Community and to Mr. Freeman too, he is in fact dickering for the extra income from exports which he needs to support these ambitious plans. French farmers are still so numerous and influential that they were able to force even de Gaulle's hand recently and compel him to breach his economic austerity program by raising the French support price for milk.

This is what Secretary Freeman was up against when he sought so strenuously to dissuade the Economic Community from building higher barriers against the flow of American agricultural products into its area. Somewhat over a year ago (September, 1961) he explained in Brussels that the United States is seeking to expand its cash sales of food and fiber to

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Western Europe and "other prospering areas." At the same time, he continued, it is moving large amounts of food and fiber to underdeveloped countries, "some . . . as gifts, some with only token payment." He went on to say that, "If we are to achieve our goal of a world that is well fed and well clothed, we must match our progress in agricultural trade . . . helping underdeveloped nations to rise from poverty [and] mutually removing barriers to trade." US donations of food to the poor were not to be seen as mere charity; they were creating new markets. The EEC countries would share these markets with us when the new countries grew to maturity and were able to pay for their needs in hard money. Let the Atlantic partners cooperate in supplying the world's needs for food instead of restricting markets for the sake of short-term gains.

Trade War within the West?

Planning for the long-run rather than the short is a noble objective. On such grounds the English did away with their variable tariff levies on wheat imports (the "Corn Laws") over a century ago and inaugurated a period of trade liberalization and prosperity that suffused the Victorian Era with such a golden glow that the reflection of it in this country was called the Gilded Age. But it appears to be easier, politically, to take tariff protection away from aristocratic landowners than from voting farmers.

Despite the passage of our Trade Expansion Act this year Freeman returned to Europe last month in an even worse bargaining position than he had been in when he spoke to the Europeans in September, 1961. On the 19th of November he addressed the Ministerial Committee on Agriculture of the OECD in Paris, repeating portions of the older speech but with a new emphasis on the just-approved Trade Expansion Act – which gave President Kennedy wide powers to negotiate agreements for the mutual reduction of tariffs. What worried Freeman was not how much farmers get paid, but basic economic relationships between the nations: how to prevent trade wars that might follow the piling up of enormous farm surpluses in Western Europe.

Freeman invited the Ministers of Agriculture of the Common Market countries (and Pisani is by far the most influential figure among them) to impose a degree of *supply management* (officially defined as "the adjustment of farm production to amounts that can be used") upon their agricultural economies – as we are trying to do to ours. "I cannot emphasize too strongly the need to include in any [international] commodity arrangement," he said, "effective measures of supply management. The productive capabilities of our agricultural industries simply exceed possible outlets for the forseeable future." This is true of US agriculture today and no doubt will be true of the agriculture of the Common Market countries, including France, in the future – but it is not what M. Pisani is willing to plan for his own farmers now. He hastened to reject the idea that the Economic Community should cut back its plans for more farm production within the member countries, including France, in order to keep open the historic proportion of their markets for US farm exports.

The principle of a Common Market had been accepted and supported by France, Pisani argued, because it offered an opportunity to export *more* of the nation's farm products. Before the EEC was organized the six nations who now compose it had protectionist agricultural policies; they discriminated against each other's farm products. Now, he went on, all have agreed on a mutual policy favoring lower agricultural tariffs. They were thus moving toward a solution of their own farm problems. In the process of adjusting the old tariff barriers that impeded trade among the six Common Market nations, they could not take into account the difficulties that such actions might cause "in every other country in the world." The Common Market nations still have troubles enough of their own. As for Freeman's bid for the maintenance of the American farmer's historic percentage of export sales in the EEC area, these "traditional currents of trade" as Pisani put it, were not more worthy of being preserved than the Common Market itself.

Pisani's most disturbing statement – disturbing because it contradicts his own description of EEC policy and is erroneous in fact – was that US exports of food products on special terms to certain African countries which *traditionally* had been linked to Europe by trade, were endangering *that* relationship. This was an obvious reference to the shipment of American donations of food stuffs to countries such as Algeria. At the present time the French are supplying far more aid than is the US; without the money they are putting into Algeria, it would collapse. The US share in this effort amounts to the donation, through private agencies, of some 45,000 tons of foodstuffs a month, about enough to feed a third of the Algerian population. If, as Pisani claims, actions of this kind by third parties (the US) imperil Europe's old trading relationships, then all the talk about trade expansion through the mutual lowering of tariff barriers or of an Atlantic economic partnership is so much hot air.

Freeman and Pisani are trying, each in his different circumstances, to deliver the maximum numbers of farm votes to their respective Administrations. As things stand, the pressures on each impels him to bid for margins of advantage – and in this particular play Pisani has somewhat the better hand.

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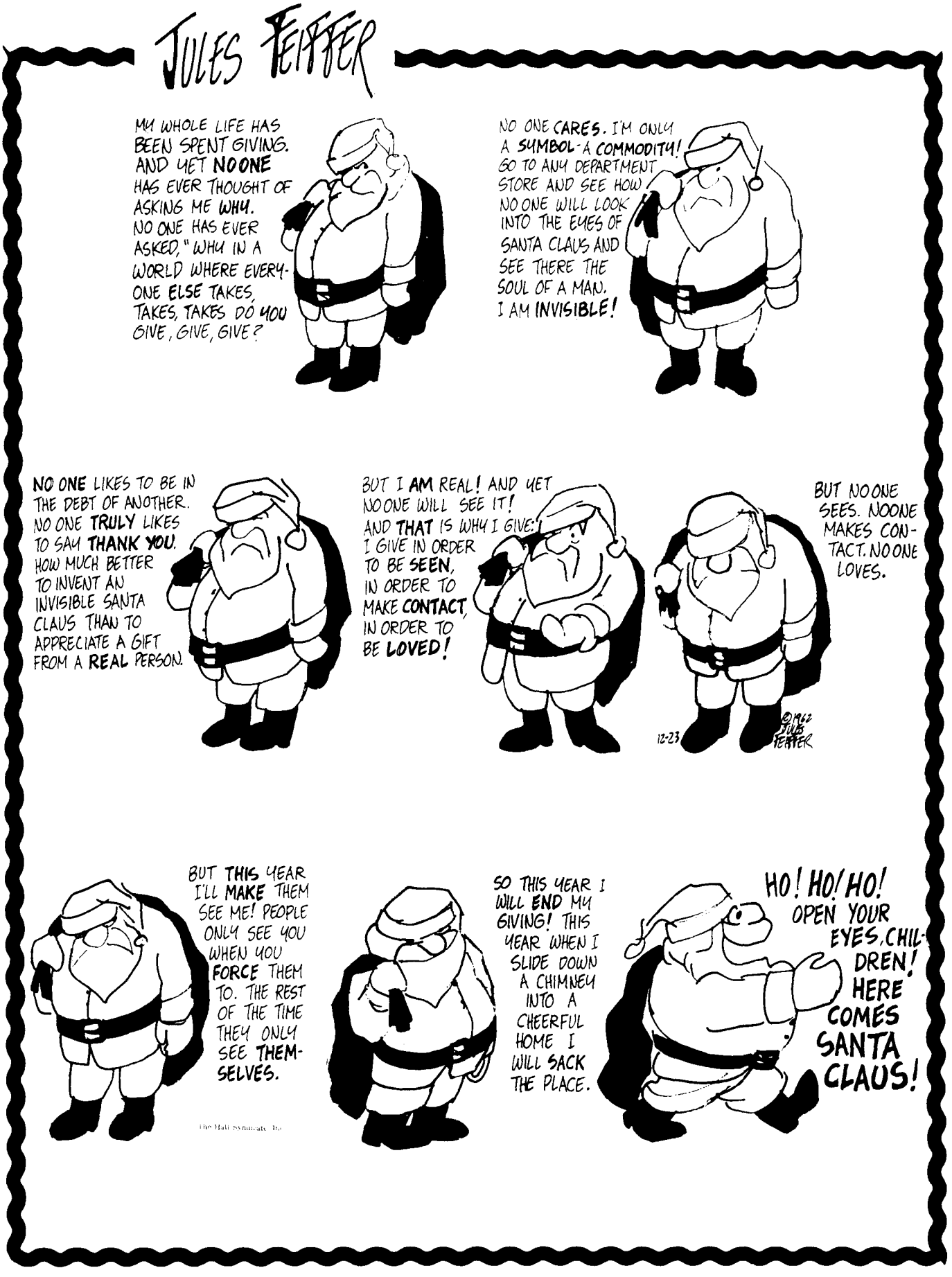
JULES FEIFFER


MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT GIVING. AND YET NO ONE HAS EVER THOUGHT OF ASKING ME WHY. NO ONE HAS EVER ASKED, "WHY IN A WORLD WHERE EVERYONE ELSE TAKES, TAKES, TAKES DO YOU GIVE, GIVE, GIVE?
NO ONE CARES. I'M ONLY A SYMBOL - A COMMODITY! GO TO ANY DEPARTMENT STORE AND SEE HOW NO ONE WILL LOOK INTO THE EYES OF SANTA CLAUS AND SEE THERE THE SOUL OF A MAN. I AM INVISIBLE!
NO ONE LIKES TO BE IN THE DEBT OF ANOTHER. NO ONE TRULY LIKES TO SAY THANK YOU. HOW MUCH BETTER TO INVENT AN INVISIBLE SANTA CLAUS THAN TO APPRECIATE A GIFT FROM A REAL PERSON.
BUT I AM REAL! AND YET NO ONE WILL SEE IT! AND THAT IS WHY I GIVE: I GIVE IN ORDER TO BE SEEN, IN ORDER TO MAKE CONTACT, IN ORDER TO BE LOVED!
BUT NO ONE SEES. NO ONE MAKES CONTACT. NO ONE LOVES.
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12-23
BUT THIS YEAR I'LL MAKE THEM SEE ME! PEOPLE ONLY SEE YOU WHEN YOU FORCE THEM TO. THE REST OF THE TIME THEY ONLY SEE THEMSELVES.
The Hall Syndicate, Inc.
SO THIS YEAR I WILL END MY GIVING! THIS YEAR WHEN I SLIDE DOWN A CHIMNEY INTO A CHEERFUL HOME I WILL SACK THE PLACE.
HO! HO! HO! OPEN YOUR EYES, CHILDREN! HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS!

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Ariadne's Thread

by Louis J. Halle

Physical science in our day is basically incomplete in that, rather than representing a single physical universe, it represents two that are distinct from each other. There is the infinite universe of space in which the stellar galaxies swirl, and there is the infinitesimal universe of the atom. The one is explained by the theory of relativity, the other by the quantum theory. Einstein, unwilling to believe that the cosmos was not in fact one, spent the last years of his life trying, unsuccessfully, to formulate a "unified field theory," a single theory that would explain the behavior of galaxies and atoms alike.

The Phenomenon of Man
by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
translated by Bernard Wall
(Harper, $5; paperback, $1.75)

If our limited knowledge of the inanimate world confronts us with two separate universes, the whole of experienced reality is fragmented for us into many more than two parts. These unconnected parts of what must be one harmonious whole are represented by the separate scholarly disciplines that go their own respective ways, having nothing to do with one another. Neither quantum theory nor relativity, for instance, offers any explanation of the phenomenon of life. Life belongs, rather to the realm of the biological sciences, which seek to describe and explain it in terms of physical evolution, beginning with the first organic molecules. These terms, however, are too narrow to explain quite satisfactorily the phenomenon of mind, the higher development of consciousness that has its expression in art, philosophy, science, and religious insight. Moreover, biological science has hardly undertaken, so far, to explain the various and changing political societies in which men live. These lie, rather, in the domain of the social sciences, which are distinguished from the biological sciences on the basis of an assumed distinction between political man and natural man.

The condition of human knowledge in our time, then, may be likened to a partly completed picture-puzzle on the floor, in which pieces have been put together in groups here and there, while the groups themselves have not yet been brought together as components of a single whole. Our eventual goal, it is clear, must be a unified field theory that includes everything, the astronomical and the atomic universe, inanimate and animate being, body and mind, man and nature alike.

If the need for such a theory has not so far been poignantly felt by most scholars and thinkers, it must be because each has been so preoccupied with his own separate part of the puzzle as hardly to be aware of anything larger, of the ultimate need to fit the part into a comprehensive whole. While Auguste Comte over a century ago hoped that his "Positive System," in its ultimate development, would arrive at a unified field theory for all the phenomena of the universe, the first responsible, cogent, and comprehensive attempt to formulate such a theory, as far as I know, is represented by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's *Le Phénomène humain*, of which a competent translation is now available under the title, *The Phenomenon of Man*.

It is logical that a man who was both priest and scientist should have felt the need to make such an attempt. As a Jesuit father, Teilhard de Chardin was under the discipline of dogmas that he might not question, such as that of Adam's special creation and the descent of mankind from his unique paternity. Here was what passed for the answer to part of the puzzle, an answer that he had been taught to accept from earliest childhood. On the other hand, as a paleontologist who worked all over the world on the traces of past life, seeking to fit them together into a coherent grouping among themselves, he confronted another answer in the form of Darwinian evolution, and this answer also seemed to him undeniable. In a man of conscience and intellectual integrity, such as he was, this duality of what presented itself as knowledge, religious and scientific, must from an early stage have set up an inner tension that had to be resolved.

Add to this factor a lifetime of extraordinarily cosmopolitan experience. Born of a French provincial family in 1881, trained in France and England, he was ordained in 1911. After the First World War, through which he served as a stretcher-bearer with the French Army (winning the Military Medal and the Legion of Honor), he went on a series of expeditions into central Asia. In fact, from 1923 on he spent more time in China and Mongolia than anywhere else, although he was in France and the United States off and on, as well as in India, Italy, and South Africa. From 1951 to his death in 1955 he made New York City his home, but continued to travel about the globe. In the course of this cosmopolitan career Father Teilhard taught physics and chemistry in Cairo, was professor of geology in Paris, worked with the Abbé Breuil on human prehistory, did important paleontological work on the evolution of the mammals, and made notable contributions to the knowledge of paleolithic cultures in China.

Surely there has been no other priest of the Roman Church in our time with such breadth of intellectual experience, experience which his mind was constantly working to put together in a single theory that would comprehend all the phenomena of the universe. The product of this intellectual effort was set down in a succession of books and papers which seemed, to the authorities

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of the Church, to go beyond the proper bounds of priestly speculation. Withheld from publication by their orders while he lived, they have since been published. *Le Phénomène humain*, completed in 1948, is the sum of them all. It is the theory set forth in its entirety.

I say "the theory," but it would be better to say "the vision." "However great the author's dialectical powers," writes Dr. N. M. Wildiers in his Foreword to the original French edition, "one feels in reading these pages that what they present is less an argument than the transcription of a reality that impressed itself on him with overwhelming conviction." Mathematics were among Teilhard's studies, but the conception set forth in his book is not the product of such reasoning as a mathematician performs in working out the solution of a problem. It represents, rather, the kind of insight that might come to a man on the Road to Damascus.

What happens to a man under the discipline of an orthodoxy when such a vision comes to him? Teilhard could reject neither his vision nor the orthodoxy. The reader can see plainly what happened in his case: at key points of conflict, in the formulation of his vision, he threw in bits of essentially gratuitous reasoning that the reader who is not under discipline may feel himself free to disregard – such as the argument that, in the course of evolution from pre-human ancestors, the appearance of the traits that define human beings took place "*between* two individuals." (There is no way of escaping such a conclusion, he writes, but adds in parentheses, "at least with our present methods of thinking.")

Neither need the reader allow himself to be confused by Teilhard's insistence in the first sentence of his Preface that his book "must be read not as a work on metaphysics, still less as a sort of theological essay, but uniquely and exclusively as a scientific treatise." (Throughout this review I have sometimes used Mr. Wall's translation in quoting, I have sometimes taken liberties with it, and I have sometimes made my own translation.) He was, I take it, labeling his work in anticipation of its inspection by the censors of the Church. The word science is elastic and one might accept it accordingly, but the qualification "uniquely and exclusively" is too much.

The one major difficulty I had in reading *Le Phénomène humain* was that of knowing when Teilhard was expressing himself literally and when metaphorically. This has been a problem with philosophical expression from the first, but in Teilhard it becomes particularly severe because he uses a vocabulary suited to the description of physical and, more specifically, organic phenomena. When he uses such a vocabulary to place what we call "the things of the spirit" in the cosmos of his vision one has the impression that he may not himself be distinguishing the metaphoric from the literal. The difficulty here is not fatal, since the vision may have its validity either way, but it repeatedly involves the reader in a certain bewilderment.

I have risked turning prospective readers away from what I think to be a distinct advance in man's search for knowledge by bringing in these casuistical and semantic difficulties at the outset. This, however, is merely to clear the ground of obstructions to appreciation. The next step must be to describe the immense vision itself.

The framework is evolution – not just the evolution of life on earth, but the evolution of pre-life, of matter, of the primordial stuff of the universe, of the great cosmos itself.

One of the undeniable insights here, to my thinking, is that of continuity. When the temperature of the air rises we may say that is rises through a succession of categorical stages: from 45°F to 46°F, and so forth. But these stages do not exist in nature; they represent merely a nominal device for describing a reality, that of a progression unbroken by transitions from one category to another. In like fashion, evolution is a continuous progression. The temporal distinction I just made between pre-life and life is merely nominal, non-existent in reality. So is the distinction between man and nature, or between the subject of biological studies and the subject of social studies. If there was a categorical beginning to this evolving universe, there have been no categorical beginnings since. Everything that has emerged in the progress of its evolution must have been there from the first, even if on a scale so reduced as to be unappreciable. "Everything, in some extremely attenuated extension of itself, has existed from the very first."

We may talk about the emergence of life from inanimate or pre-living matter at some stage, but if we were able to trace the course of evolution backward all the way we would not find a categorical date for it. What we would find, rather, was life becoming progressively less as we went back until we could no longer discern it in the matter we were studying. But it would still be there. A grain of sand contains, in however infinitestimal and rudimentary a form, the same element of life that has become perceptible in the amoeba, so that our categorical distinction between inanimate and animate matter is a nominal convenience only.

Again – the consciousness that is so highly developed in modern man was there from the beginning of the uni-

Christmas Package from East Germany

The censor's stamp is rightly sullen,
But the twig of the tannenbaum,
The incautious candle, and the stollen
Bring to a new bridgegroom
Something, out of a world mad-fallen,
Possibly meaning home.

Curious, this is a foreign odor
Yet I seem to understand
The tanne as if it had spiced forever
An old woods of my land,
But O my father and O my mother
Where falls the censor's hand?

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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verse. Here Teilhard employs a descriptive device that may be metaphoric but does not proclaim itself such. He refers to the outside of things and the inside of things, the outside being what a physicist studies, the inside being consciousness. This distinction, so apparent in a man, existed as well in every speck of the aboriginal dust.

We are given a picture of the universe beginning with a uniform atomized matter thinly scattered over space. But the simple atoms of this matter come together to form increasingly complex and extensive unities. They congregate to form simple molecules, which combine to form others more complex. Complex molecules of carbon combine to form organic cells, which combine to form multi-cellular organisms, which combine to form societies – like the coral societies, like the termite societies, like human societies. ("The social phenomenon is the culmination, not the attenuation, of the biological phenomenon.") Progressive combination, complexification, and unification of matter represents the direction of evolution.

This basic evolutionary process of itself produces a progressive intensification of consciousness by concentrating it. Matter had orginally been atomized and diffused, not only in its outer but in its inner properties as well. With its combination consciousness mounts, expressing itself in rudimentary thought and then self-conscious thought as it becomes concentrated by wrapping itself, so to speak, upon itself (becoming "reflective").

Teilhard says that, as one traces any line of evolution back, one loses it at last in the obscurity of an irrecoverable past; and he observes that, in any case, there are no categorical beginnings along the line. But he does distinguish stages, and rather sharply. For a continuous progression may pass through critical points to new stages, just as progressively warmer water, arrived at a certain degree, will boil. At the end of one such stage, life – which has existed in embryo from the first – has its historic birth. At the end of the subsequent stage, the embryo of consciousness has its historic birth as thought – which is to say that it becomes self-conscious – and this birth of thought defines the appearance of man on earth. Man, as Sir Julian Huxley has put it, "is nothing else than evolution become conscious of itself."

The successive stages in Teilhard's vision of evolution are respectively identified by the terms "geogenesis," "biogenesis," "psychogenesis," and "noogenesis" (this last being the genesis of thought or self-reflecting consciousness).

At this point Teilhard again confronts the reader with the puzzle of whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically. Describing the structure of our planet, he refers to what geologists call "the barysphere," its central metallic core. This is surrounded by the rocky layer known as "the lithosphere," which is enveloped by "the hydrosphere," which in turn is enveloped by "the atmosphere." He refers to a certain Suess as having added to this series the "living membrane" of flora and fauna called "the biosphere"; and to this he finally adds, himself, another "membrane," a " 'layer of thought' that, since its germination at the end of the Tertiary period, has spread over and above the world of plants and animals." In other words, outside and above "the biosphere" there is "the noosphere."

Now, "the barysphere" occupies space and has a physical existence. It is not a metaphor. But, if this physical object is wrapped in a "membrane" of thought ("the noosphere"), is that membrane of the same nature? Does it also occupy space? The essential point that Teilhard is making here may be valid, but it is betrayed by his vocabulary, which is the vocabulary of spatial mechanics. "The atmosphere" cannot be taken literally in terms of that vocabulary; and yet it cannot quite be taken metaphorically either, because it is presented as one in a series of literal phenomena: the barysphere, the lithosphere, etc.

Nowhere is the recurrent semantic difficulty of Teilhard's language represented more vividly. I for one, however, am willing to regard that difficulty

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Running Into Edward Belleville

In my fool seigneurial car
I came storming through dust, whirling around the corner:
Bang into skidding-distance of skidding
Belleville, his unfledged wife, four sorry
Towheaded chicks under five, in their Hupmobile.

It amounted to little more than *Plunk:*
Their egg-shell auto crumpled. We sat on
And stared at this odd joining;
And then, unspanning, took off again
About our business. The big car pawed the road
Less mettlesomely. The Bellevilles
Went on back down to find a spare fender
At Hawkes' junkyard; all of them to huddle –
Sheltered by that fender – a little longer,
Armored for life by a breastplate frailer than wishbone.

Barbara Howes

as resulting from the lack of any vocabulary suited to the meaning he is trying to convey. The only vocabulary we have requires a distinction (between "matter" and "mind," or between "matter" and "spirit") that Teilhard's intellectual imagination, aiming at a unified field theory, is constantly striving to transcend. Here thought finds itself beyond the frontiers of language, and the reader must be indulgent.

The difficulty, however, may also be in the reader's own conceptions, limited as they are by the terms of the familiar. A Martian might not have the same difficulty; and indeed Teilhard's own ability to transcend familiar terms of thought is suggested by his statement that "today, to a Martian capable of analyzing sidereal radiations psychically no less than physically, the first characteristic of our planet would be, not the blue of the seas or the green of the forests, but the phosphorescence of thought." If the reader will stretch his mind, at this point he will see how his own questions come into question. There is, here, the uncertainty that one must expect to experience at the outermost frontiers of human thought.

"To us in our brief span of life falls the honor and good fortune of coinciding with a critical change of the noosphere." It is only in our time "that we have become conscious of the movement which is carrying us along, and we have thereby become aware of the formidable problems posed by this reflective exercise of the human effort." At this point Teilhard's vision becomes Promethean, coinciding with the Hegelian-Marxian tradition in which man creates himself and, in creating himself, becomes the creator of the world. The self-conscious awareness of the evolutionary process, taking the form of scientific knowledge, enables man to direct that process. Today, therefore, man is reaching the point where he will not only be able to control the mechanism of heredity, but to create new forms of life as well – by the synthesis of albuminoids. "The dream which human research obscurely fosters is fundamentally that of mastering . . . the basic energy of which all other energies are merely servants, of taking over the direction of the world by grasping the very mainspring of evolution."

The problem is that of uniting the elements in one organized whole; for the process of evolution, in this vision, is that of ever greater, more complex, and more inward-turning combinations of the originally diffused atoms of the universe, until all reality has at last become one. The end is "a harmonized collectivity of consciousness, equivalent to a sort of super-consciousness." It is a single unit of thought on the sidereal scale. Not only the scholar or scientist, but the universe itself, is engaged in a process of assemblage; and from this stage on the scholar participates in creation, for "discovery and synthesis are no longer mere speculation but creation." (Here, for a moment, Teilhard addresses himself to the practical affairs of our immediate present. "It is in vain," he writes, "that we try . . . to settle international conflicts by the adjustment of frontiers. . . . As matters are going, we shall soon be crushing one another [in consequence of our proliferation], and something will explode if we insist on trying to limit to the scale of the old shacks in which we have hitherto lived material and spiritual forces that henceforth are on a world scale.")

Teilhard's vision of the individual losing himself in the collectivity already has an unfortunate past in the history of political philosophy – a past that begins with Rousseau and, by way of Hegel and Marx, culminates in Hitler and Stalin. I know of no natural law which says that the evolution of the universe must be toward a humanly desirable end, thereby warranting the inquirer in equating truth with his own desires; but we are bound to ask, at this point, whether Teilhard is urging our cooperation in the creation of a totalitarian world. He explicitly denies it, referring to Communism and National Socialism as representing "a profound perversion of the rules of noogenesis. . . ." Having done so, he presents his own opposed conception, which could easily escape the reader because, again, it is at the frontier of thought and language where the reader finds himself faced with the unfamiliar. I shall not attempt to do the conception justice, but merely to suggest its nature by noting that it foresees a progressive enlargement and intensification of personality in that continuing process of evolution which has already carried personality so far – this, rather than the suppression and abnegation of personality by a totalitarian political machine.

Beside the question of totalitarianism, on which I accept Teilhard's answer, another and larger question kept buzzing about my head throughout the reading. Like the Christianity in which he was raised, his philosophy generally appears to assume that this terrestrial world, the stage for "le phénomène humain," occupies the dominant position in the universe, even though it is a universe that stretches for hundreds of thousands of light-years in every direction, and that is marked by scattered galaxies of which each contains mil-

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lions of suns many times greater than that minor spark, off toward the edge of one galaxy, to which our planet is satellite. In terms of a universal scale, "the phenomenon of man" appears so insignificant, so incidental and even accidental, as to be ludicrous. Yet Teilhard deliberately chooses to make it represent the whole meaning of this far-flung cosmic reality, stating in his Preface, "I have chosen man as the center. . . ." He constantly refers to this terrestrial world as if it were still the world of Genesis, the whole of God's creation, rather than merely one grain in a cloud of dust that extends to infinity.

I wish Father Teilhard had addressed himself less obliquely to this problem, for there is a possible answer, and he does put forward that answer in an occasional phrase. Ever since Einstein's universe took the place of Newton's, we have had reason to doubt our fixed mechanical conceptions of an absolute three-dimensional space, to be measured in meters (or even in light-years), and of an absolute time to be measured by clocks. A resident of the Equator, assuming that the Earth was flat and that its lines of longtitude were parallel and straight, if he suddenly found himself transported to the Arctic Circle and walking along it, might have the impression that he was now taking seven-league strides, not realizing that the distance between degrees of latitude by which he measured his progress had been drastically reduced. Einstein has showed that sidereal space is relative in the same way.

Teilhard repeatedly employs a simile resembling the one I have used above, to describe his conception of a universe that, in the course of its evolution, expands only to contract again – to be reduced, at last, to a point. He refers to the meridians which, as they radiate from one pole, expand – only to contract again toward the other pole, at which they finally meet. (*E.g.*, "When consciousness broke through the critical point of hominisation [i.e., the birth of man], it passed from the divergent to the convergent, changing, so to speak, both hemisphere and pole.") It is clear that his conception transcends Newtonian space and time, and in an occasional remark he says as much. "However immense is the sphere of the universe, it does not exist and cannot finally be comprehended except in the direction (though it be beyond time and space) in which its rays finally come together." There you have it, albeit between parentheses. We no longer know how much significance to attach to our traditional concepts of time and space, and this appears to give us at least an opening for escape from the dilemma that was posed when Copernicus finally displaced the Earth from the center of the universe.

It is at this stage in the argument, when at last we try to see what the long future holds, that my basic agnosticism asserts itself. I admit all possibilities, finding some more plausible than others, but am certain only of my own share in the pitiful ignorance of all mankind.

The point at which evolution culminates (beyond time and space), the point at which the personal element reaches its apogee in a single universal consciousness that comprehends and fulfills all individual consciousnesses – this is called by Teilhard the point Omega (it is what some call God, what I have elsewhere called the Logos). Omega is the final state of a world in process of psychic concentration. To move toward it we must eschew the individualism that separates us from one another, making for plurality (whether of races or individuals). "To be fully ourselves it is in the opposite direction, in the direction of a convergence with all the rest, that we must advance. . . . According to the evolutionary structure of the world, we can realize our personality [as distinct from our individuality] only by uniting together. There is no mind without synthesis."

This continuing process of synthesis requires the cultivation of that elemental love which makes man a social being, that attraction among the individuals of humanity which is fundamental to life, transcending the merely sentimental. "Love, in all its nuances, is nothing else than the more or less direct trace left at the heart of the elemental by the psychic convergence of the universe upon itself." In terms of the distinction between the outside of things and their psychic insides, it corresponds (in this "unified field theory") to the gravitational attraction that we associate with the outside.

One of the basic points that Teilhard is making here is exemplified, on a minuscule scale, by the institution of marriage. A successful marriage is a union by virtue of which the personalities of both parties are enhanced and fulfilled, rather than stultified. I find the point altogether plausible as the definition of a potential in mankind, however remote that potential may still be from realization. But here I am beyond the range of my own vision. I am simply grateful for Teilhard's vision, expressed with modesty but intense conviction. To the extent that it represents the unfamiliar, it is bound to arouse opposition. No one can scoff at it, however, without diminishing himself.

And when Teilhard writes that, "confronted with nature, confronted with

Post Mortem

When I parted I thought I could sever
each vital thread.
Those who said that the dead rest forever
were never dead.

Though the stone may obstruct the intrusion
of earthly sights,
though the bone be immune to illusion,
who counts the nights

when the spider of life, undefeated,
reweaves its thread
into dreams, uncompleted, repeated,
to haunt the dead?

Lola Gruenthal

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beauty, as in music, the nostalgia that takes possession of us is the expectation and the awareness of a great presence" (which he identifies as the anticipated Omega), I agree; but I know that this is not everyone's experience and that others, therefore, will not agree. I also know that "expectation" and "awareness" may or may not represent "being."

The one thing the agnostic knows is how little we all know. Einstein teaches us not to believe in the common-sense mechanical space of our ancestors; Teilhard teaches us not to believe in the positivism that cannot see beyond entropy. Both thereby open large possibilities even if they do not substitute new certainties for the old. I think that Einstein, a physical scientist, would have felt an affinity for Teilhard, and would not have rejected his vision.

I have read *Le Phénomène humain* almost twice over. I have thoroughly annotated it and reviewed my notes. I am still not sure that I understand everything it says, and if anyone asked me whether I thought it true I could not answer simply. I think that advancing knowledge will falsify it in considerable measure, as advancing knowledge has falsified Euclid and Copernicus, Aristotle and Descartes. There are serious faults in the book, passages that cry out to be rewritten, and perhaps some of it will not hold water at all.

When I have said this much, however, I am aware of the fact that my own thinking can never be the same as it was before. The book's particular insights have been illuminating it ever since. Let me take an example that is the more valid because it is so trivial. The other evening, in the question period after a talk I gave on the Common Market, someone raised a question about the greater dynamism in organizing life on a large scale that men seem to show now, by contrast with the long past. I immediately pointed out that the expansion of the human population to form what is increasingly a single inward-turning society, bringing men into constant contact and collision with one another continuously all around the globe, produced a concentration and heightening of mental energy (I did not use the term "noosphere," since this language is still private). Men rubbing elbows all around the globe generated energy that did not manifest itself when they were living in isolated groups separated by great spaces. Then I had to add that this same point was made by Teilhard in a far more cogent and profound way, that he was, in fact, the source of it. I recommended that the questioner read *Le Phénomène humain* with his question in mind.

If one had to say whether Teilhard's theory is a true model of the universe, so that men can now dispense with devising further models, one would have to say no, of course not. The limitations of our present human capacity do not make such a thing possible. But it represents a progress toward truth, just as Newton's false model represented a progress beyond the false Ptolemaic model. It represents a shattering of familiar assumptions about the categories of being, assumptions that have constituted barriers to progress. It represents a permanent enlargement of understanding, which can now make its first attempts to comprehend all phenomena in one vision of reality.

More particularly, it provides a reason for the mounting evidence that mankind, in its long evolution, is arriving at a culmination and crisis of some sort. In an immediately practical sense it does what must be done if we are to continue the long progress of mankind: it suggests to us a meaning and a direction to life, a direction that is plausible even if the final end toward which it points lie far beyond our present horizon. It resurrects hope for a world that seems, in its present phase, to have gone blind to everything except perdition.

> From the biosphere to the species, all is but an immense ramification of consciousness seeking its realization through form. This is where Ariadne's thread, followed to the end, leads us.

The Real South West Africa

by Richard Dale

To meet what Chester Bowles described as "Africa's challenge to America," this country has already begun to revamp its governmental and educational institutions to anticipate and cater to the growing demand for expertness in African affairs. The State Department has added an Undersecretary for African Affairs; foreign service officers are receiving instructions in Amharic, Swahili, and other little-known tongues; and our universities and colleges are adding courses and inter-departmental committees on African studies.

Brutal Mandate:
A Journey to South West Africa
by Allard K. Lowenstein
(Macmillan; $5)

In spite of this burgeoning interest and competence in African affairs, there are several serious and dangerous gaps in our knowledge. One of the most obvious of those gaps is South West Africa, a territory almost as big as Italy and France put together with a population of about half a million. The status of this League-of-Nations-mandated country has been in dispute ever since 1946 when the General Assembly of the United Nations rejected Field Marshal Smuts' plea that it be annexed to the Union of South Africa. South Africa has persistently refused to place the territory under the trusteeship system of the United Nations and exercises *de facto* sovereignty, despite the repeated protests of the United Nations.

South West Africa consists of a *pays légal* and a *pays réel*, the former embracing some 73,000 white settlers and the latter nearly half a million Africans and persons of mixed racial origin. The Union Government has conducted its stewardship over this mandated territory in such a manner that the administration of the country may be said to be of, by, and for the *pays légal* at the expense of the *pays réel*. Its political and socioeconomic structure makes a mockery of the Kantian imperative to treat others as ends, rather than as means. The ends in this case are the political hegemony and affluence of the white

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settlers, the means the countless non-whites who are bereft of all fundamental freedoms and decent living and working conditions but who nonetheless have miraculous courage and faith in the United Nations.

Allard K. Lowenstein's *Brutal Mandate* is a welcome and timely contribution to our knowledge of South West Africa. Before its publication in July, students had to wade through pages of turgid UN documents, read hard-to-get (and often outdated) works, and scrutinize obscure graduate theses to become acquainted with the *pays réel*. Its publication is especially germane, for it is expected that the International Court of Justice at The Hague will begin proceedings soon in the case of Ethiopia and Liberia *v.* South Africa regarding the fitness of South Africa to continue its duties as the mandatory power for South West Africa. Interestingly enough, the South West African dispute is the only one in the history of the United Nations in which the International Court has been used four times. Advisory opinions were rendered by the Court in 1950, 1955, and 1956, and in the present case, it is highly probable that the exact international status of the territory will be clarified once and for all.

Strictly speaking, Lowenstein's work adds but little to what South West African experts already knew about conditions there. But what other scholars knew second-hand, Lowenstein knows first-hand. The young American lawyer, accompanied by two of his countrymen, visited South West Africa in 1959. Armed with a tape recorder and cameras, the young trio spoke to African leaders and photographed the living conditions of the African inhabitants. This information was presented in evidence before one of the committees of the United Nations General Assembly, and the three investigators testified as to the nature of the South African mandatory rule in South West Africa. The trip was taken at the behest of the Rev. Michael Scott and Messrs. Kerina and Kozonguizi, three authorized petitioners before the United Nations who, along with others, serve as representatives of the African peoples of South West Africa to the UN.

Brutal Mandate is described on the book jacket as "an unusual odyssey," which is an urbane understatement. The odyssey reminds one of the account of the OSS and the European undergrounds during the Second World War because, owing to the *apartheid* curtain and the ubitiquous Special Branch of the South African police force, such information could not have been otherwise obtained. That Mr. Lowenstein and his associates had no recourse but to resort to clandestine methods reveals quite patently the paranoia which besets South African officialdom.

The particular merit of this book is its lively style, its regard for detail, its obvious compassion and its persuasive logic. The situation in South and South West Africa is often so appalling and so discouraging that many writers take the easy way out; they excoriate South Africa and leave it at that. Mr. Lowenstein not only provides a lucid diagnosis and prognosis but also his indignation is tempered with real empathy for the white minority. His imaginative and incisive analysis of the white liberal, the man who falls between the twin stools of African nationalism and Afrikaner nationalism, merits close attention. He, like the Afrikaner Patrick van Rensburg (who argued the case brilliantly in his recently published *Guilty Land*), contends that the only escape is through the establishment of a concerted United Nations action.

Lowenstein asserts that the sole alternative now to UN interposition would be a Jacobin Reign of Terror in South and South West Africa, with white pitted against black and black against white. He exposes the meretricious South African claim that the Republic is a staunch foe of Communism on the African continent, which perforce entitles it to diplomatic support from Washington. *Apartheid* is a dike against Communism, runs the argument of Pretoria. Lowenstein demurs, pointing out that the massive non-white resentment against *apartheid* would only play into the hands of the Communist movement which champions the cause of the restive African masses. However, Mr. Lowenstein bases his case against current South African racial policies not so much on the grounds of *Realpolitik* as on those of common

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decency, sane ethics, and the Judeo-Christian heritage of the West which espouses the rights of all men to equal opportunities for self-realization.

If there is to be a United Nations intervention, what mode of intervention is it to be? Here Lowenstein argues for an economic boycott of South Africa to bring Dr. Verwoerd's Government to grips with the reality of its pariah position in the international community. This is by no means an original argument (Peter Calvocoressi, in his *South Africa and World Opinion*, draws up an elaborate blueprint for the boycott). But the argument is astute, compelling, and morally correct.

There are three shortcomings in *Brutal Mandate* which are omissions rather than commissions. First, the author has slighted the problems attendant upon the achievement of independence by the African inhabitants of South West Africa, an independence already expressly underwritten by the General Assembly of the United Nations. There is a paucity of entrepreneurial, administrative, educational, and technical skills among the Africans, through no fault of their own. Because the UN has been the watchdog (with more bark than bite until recently) of the Africans' interest there, it will probably continue to be their patron after independence. More than likely, the UN will supply technicians and administrators to the territory through its so-called OPEX program.

Second, it appears that he did not fully integrate his proposals with the overall design of American statecraft in Africa. It would seem that America's South-South West African policy, if rectified in time, would add immeasurably to the effectiveness of its whole African program. In spite of its technical and foreign aid programs for the nascent independent states of Africa, America's strategy and policy expectations will remain suspect on the continent of Africa as long as its South-South West African policy is marked by timidity.

All of these new states (which control a handsome number of votes in the General Assembly) are united in opposition to the atavistic racial program of South Africa (as well as that of its fellow traveler, Portugal), and the sooner the United States cooperates with these states against such a policy to demonstrate that its exhortations about democracy match its exertions for democracy, the sooner it will get out of low gear in Africa. In African eyes, our South African policy strikes them as a case of what you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you are saying.

Finally, Lowenstein might have added an annotated bibliography to his splendid work to direct his readers to the readily available books on the territory as well as to shepherd them through the cluttered maze of United Nations report on South West Africa.

Thurber's Last Collection

by Frank Getlein

My introduction to graduate studies consisted, in part, of a mournful account, by a seminar director, of how the next of kin of practically all literary figures were permitted to lay ignorant hands on whatever papers were lying about and, even more unthinkably, were permitted to throw them into the trash barrel or the fireplace in the name of cleaning the place up for the realtor.

Credos and Curios
by James Thurber
(Harper & Row; $3.95)

The seminar director felt, very strongly, that law should protect all papers for the eventual arrival of the graduate student to count, collate and publish what in his lifetime the subject himself had not published.

On the other hand, I know a lady in Milwaukee who has a long-standing agreement with her next-door neighbor: whichever of them dies first, the other is pledged to rush into the house, empty the bureaus and desks and burn everything.

Both attitudes have been evoked by the posthumous publication of Thurber's last collection of short pieces with a foreword by Mrs. Thurber, which at first gives the impression of being a conventional memorial. The fact, however, seems to be that *Credos and Curios* was planned, and titled, by Thurber himself and is not a sweeping up of manuscripts left lying around. Moreover, all of the 21 pieces were previously published in a wide variety of magazines or books. The present selection is his own and clearly represents an assembled statement he felt worth repeating.

"Credos" in the title is an alarming word and it may have been the cause for the alarm some reviewers have expressed about the book. In the last decade of his life Thurber's gloomy pronouncements about modern times caused a lot of people to sigh for the carefree life in old Ohio, where football players were transported to the state university on scholarships, where electricity was thought to leak from empty light sockets, and where a memorable Thurber uncle was cut down in his prime by the Dutch Elm disease.

Thurber himself suffered the diminishing of faith and the lack of prudence to state publicly that McCarthy, in addition to his other crimes, had pretty well killed comedy. In this Thurber was wrong. He had himself taken on McCarthy – and bested him – a good decade and a half before McCarthy became a menace. There is no single character in the show to correspond directly with the late Senator, but the whole spirit of bumbling evil that is the antagonist of *The Male Animal* is the spirit of the times that made McCarthy, incredibly, a formidable figure.

Yet the evidence of the book is not that the Ohio days represent the golden youth of the writer, with gloom and doom closing in with the closing years, or, for that matter, with the closing in of eyesight. On the contrary, the earliest piece in the book, dated 1928, is a lot gloomier than anything that comes from more recent times.

A good part of Thurber's credo is expressed in the form of tributes to his friends – Benchley, McNulty, Elliott Nugent, George S. Kaufman. They all behaved professionally in the way Thurber regarded as ideal. They had the gifts of sharp observation and precise phrasing which he had himself. To

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a man they were and still are underrated. Thurber was writing for all of them and for himself, though not deliberately, when he wrote, "The heavier critics have underrated Benchley because of his 'short flight,' missing his distinguished contribution to the fine art of comic brevity. He would thank me not to call him an artist, but I think he was an artist who wouldn't give up to it, like a busy housewife fighting the onset of a migraine headache."

Probably the most beautiful of the many beautiful drawings in the book is the one on the jacket, "Thurber and his Circle," which shows the author, arms aloft, talking enthusiastically to a roomful of slumbering men, women, dogs and pictures on the wall. The core of the book seems to be a series of pieces about talk, or of talk. Sometimes they are stories of people talking about talking in one context or another. Throughout the section, Thurber is enchanted by what can be done with words and appalled by what is being done to them by forces as different as television, psychoanalysis – another old opponent, early bested – and the national determination to get to the moon. Or are these topics all that different? Possibly Thurber, at the risk of being denounced as a senile punster, is, besides getting off a steady stream of word-play, seriously defending language itself from the encroachments of barbarian hordes who have in common only their ignorance of language and their easy assumption that they own it.

Some Social Monoliths

by George S. Stanford

The day of the small entrepreneur is waning: only about 15 percent of the labor force is self-employed (half or more of these being farm proprietors), down from over 23 percent in 1910, and half of the remaining 85 percent work in "big organizations." Mr. Presthus, a political scientist at Cornell, has divided the people who work in "big organizations" into three distinct personality types: "upward mobiles," "indifferents," and "ambivalents."

The Organizational Society
by Robert Presthus
(Knopf; $6)

The *upward mobile* "avoids passionate value attachments," adopting as his own the goals and values of his organization. He accepts authority easily and in fact has a warm personal attachment for those above him while regarding those below him with detachment. He is highly perceptive of the moods of other people, and is adept at role-playing: with equal facility he is willingly subordinate to his superiors and confidently authoritative with his inferiors. He is or verges upon the " 'authoritatian personality' type, *i.e.*, one who scores high on a scale of attitudes that include racial prejudice, militarism, chauvinism, anti-radicalism, exceptional conventionality, deference for authority, a poor view of human nature, belief in force and 'toughness', and a general power orientation." He is an extrovert. His life is motivated by the pursuit of status (power and prestige) even more than income. His principles are flexible enough that in any case of conflict the "good of the organization" prevails.

The upward mobile is not an innovator, it being his role to carry out the decisions made at a higher level. Thus there arises the intriguing situation where many of the qualities essential for ascent within the organization are the inverse of those needed by those at the top. The men at the top must chart the course of the organization, and if the organization is to survive critical junctures, they must be early enough in forcing the necessary innovations on what is inherently a conservative establishment. (This helps to explain the fact that governments are so often replaced when they might instead have adapted.)

Because of the compartmentalization and regimentation of jobs, typified by the assembly line but extending increasingly into the white collar world, pride in one's work is impossible for the majority of today's workers. The result is a "displacement of values" from work itself to its by-products (power, prestige, money) or to conspicuous consumption and other leisure-time activity. One consequence of this is that the mass of organizational employees can now be classified as "*indifferents.*" Whereas the life satisfactions for the upward mobile come from the by-products of his work, the indifferent lives for his off-the-job activities which, unlike those of the upward mobile, are unrelated to the organization. The blue collar worker and at least the lower-echelon white collar man are typically in this category. The indifferent feels no loyalty to the organization – a day's work, no more, for a day's pay. He does not accept authority gracefully.

The third mode of accommodation to the organizational society is that of the "*ambivalent.*" This man differs from the indifferent in that he hopes to achieve a culturally accepted status, but he also differs from the upward mobile in that he is unwilling or unable to make the sacrifice of autonomy and principle necessary to compete successfully. The resulting internal conflict renders him, by definition, neurotic. "In the bureaucratic situation, the ambivalent individual is a marginal man with limited career chances. [However,] despite his inability to meet bureaucratic demands, [he provides] the insight, motivation, and the dialectic that inspire change . . . In his view, custom is no guarantee of either rationality or legitimacy." He is an introvert, often prone to anxiety and depression. "Ambivalents have high aspirations, complicated by habitual under-rating of their performance. Compared with extroverts, their intellectual interests are narrow and deep, accuracy and per-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Louis J. Halle *is the author of* Men and Nations. Hayden Carruth *is at work on a book about Ezra Pound.* Barbara Howes' *newest book of poems is called* Light and Dark. Lola Gruenthal *is a New York poet and translator.* Richard Dale *is a member of the Department of Government at the University of New Hampshire.* George S. Stanford *is on the staff of the Argonne National Laboratory.*

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sistence are highly developed, and verbal facility and intelligence are markedly superior. [But they are often blind] to legitimate needs for control and coordination."

Conspicuous by its absence from Mr. Presthus' categories is a fourth conceivable personality type who might be called the *principled realist*. Such a person would have many of the qualities that distinguish the ambivalent from the upward mobile: incisive intelligence, personal integrity, a high opinion of the value of the individual, social responsibility, recognition that the world is complex, that the organization is highly unlikely to have found *the* best solution to a given problem, that in fact a best solution probably does not exist. Unlike the ambivalent, however, he would be self-sufficient enough to rise above majority values, and would moreover realize with the upward mobile that if "he demands immaculate causes, he is immobilized a good deal of the time." Unlike the upward mobile he would be motivated by a desire to do a good job, consistent with his principles, rather than by desire for status. Presthus does refer to the possibility of such a type, but infers that the possibility is abstract only.

Turning to big organizations themselves, Mr. Presthus finds several areas of "dysfunction," where some of the "unanticipated consequences" of the system are self-defeating. There is, for example, the well-known damage to the morale of government research workers caused by the "security" program, particularly in McCarthy's time. The author also deplores as a dysfunctional consequence the custom of placing non-technical military administrators over research projects, as well as the contrasting failure to keep the *top-flight* scientists at research; instead, they move into administrative positions which could be filled as well by others.

Professor Presthus examines the academic community as it is being affected by the organizational society. Like many others, he is concerned about the lopsided and conformity-inducing effects of ubiquitous government research grants. He is also concerned about the increasing separation of university administration from the professor, whom he sees as becoming more and more a specialist - employee whose advancement depends upon non-specialist hierarchical administrators. "His hired-hand role excludes him from significant university affairs, particularly those relating to community issues and major educational policy." He is becoming an *indifferent* in a business organization. "The only effective counter-poise seems to be . . . a militant organization of university faculties . . . but many professors would . . . regard it as the work of the devil."

Although this is not a book about international relations, which are scarcely mentioned, it is nevertheless valuable for those who are striving to keep us on the near side of the brink, chiefly because of its discussion of the character of the "upward mobiles." The future may depend on the outcome of the current struggle not between "Communism" and "Freedom," but the one going on (one hopes) on both sides of the Iron Curtain between those who recognize that there are new conditions which require new responses, and those who do not. Mr. Presthus' analysis of organizational influences contributes greatly to an understanding of why the required responses are so frighteningly slow to develop.

New Books by Recent Contributors

Francis Biddle: Justice Holmes (Macmillan; $2.50). In Brief Authority (Doubleday; $5.95)
Herbert von Borch: The Unfinished Society (Hawthorn Books; $4.50)
Kenneth E. Boulding: Conflict and Defense – a General Theory (Harper; $7)
Zbigniew Brzezinski: Ideology and Power in Soviet Politics (Praeger; $4.50)
Hilary Corke: The Early Drowned (British Book Service; $3.75)
Leon Edel: Henry James, volumes II and III (Lippincott; $8.50 each)
Amatai Etzioni: The Hard Way to Peace (Collier; 95 cents)
Jules Feiffer: Boy, Girl, Boy Girl (Random House; $2.95)
Herbert Gans: The Urban Villagers (Free Press; $7)
Frank and Dorothy Getlein: Christianity in Modern Art (Bruce; $5)
Louis J. Halle: Men and Nations (Princeton; $4.75)
John Hollander: Movie-going and Other Poems (Atheneum; $1.65)
Ruth and Paul Hume; The Lion of Poland (Hawthorn; $2.95)
Simon S. Kuznets: Capital in the American Economy (Princeton; $12)
Walter Z. Laqueur and Leopold Labdez: The Future of Communist Society (Praeger; $5)
Richmond Lattimore: Sestina for a Far-Off Summer (Michigan; $3.75)
Neil Leonard: Jazz and the White Americans (Chicago; $4.50)
Alan Levy: Wanted – Nazi Criminals at Large (Berkley; 50 cents)
Salvador de Madariaga: Latin America between the Eagle and the Bear (Praeger; $4.50)
S. L. A. Marshall: Night Drop (Atlantic – Little, Brown; $6.50)
Karl E. Meyer and Tad Szulc: The Cuban Invasion (Praeger; $3.95)
James R. Newman: The Harper Encyclopedia of Science (Harper; $30)
Bertrand Russell: Fact and Fiction (Simon and Schuster; $4.95)
Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.: The Politics of Hope (Houghton Mifflin; $4.50)
Winfield Townley Scott: Collected Poems (Macmillan; $7.50)
Robert C. Tucker: Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx (Cambridge; $6)
John R. Tunis: Silence over Dunkerque (Morrow; $2.95)
Gus Tyler: Organized Crime in America (Michigan; $7.50)
John Updike: Pigeon Feathers and other stories (Knopf; $5)
Wolf Von Eckardt: Midcentury Architecture in America (Johns Hopkins; $12.50)
John Wain: Strike the Father Dead (St. Martins; $4.50)
Frank J. Warnke: European Metaphysical Poetry (Yale; $6)
Arthur J. Waskow and Stanley Newman: America in Hiding (Ballantine; 60 cents)
Gerald Weales: Religion in Modern English Drama (Pennsylvania; $7.50)
Thomas P. Whitney: Russia in My Life (Reynal; $6)
Reed Whittemore: The Boy from Iowa (Macmillan; $4)

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MOVIES

Change and Short Change

A craze for transmutation obsesses our art more feverishly than it took medieval alchemists. TV shows become books, books become plays, plays become films, and, occasionally, films become plays. Certainly some of this transmutation produces – or does not alloy – gold; much of it sinks like any philosopher's stone. The insurance of the previously proved, the scarcity of original material – these are obvious causes, but, besides signifying commercial nervousness and creative poverty, indiscriminate adaptation is also a symptom of creative insensitivity.

No Exit (Zenith)
Seven Capital Sins (Embassy)

Movies, of course, have been the pesthouse of the adaptation sickness (although, in the recent *Sight and Sound* international poll of critics, only two of the "ten best films in cinema history" were adaptations). The latest clinical case is a film of Sartre's play *No Exit*. Why was it done? One sees the picture and re-reads the play searching for the producers' possible rationale – what in the play they thought was transmutable, improvable, or merely reproducible on film. Seemingly it never occurs to these people that some works *are* their forms as much as they are anything; that plays as different as *No Exit* and *Two for the Seesaw*, whatever else is true of them, are integrally *plays*, that their "stories" cannot be extracted and rendered in another form.

The very quintessence of Sartre's drama is its feeling of confinement. Three dead people are confined in a fixed, limited room in hell. The stage supplies that space, fixed, and the characters are the only ones who move in it. In a film, obviously, the audience also moves around within it; and instead of increasing our sense of what it "feels like" (the most simple-minded of subjective doctrines in film-making), this motion impairs our sense of cage and caged animals. This would be true even if the film remained within the room; when it insists on taking us outside the room, spelling out literally what Sartre intended as recollection and vision, the room becomes a kind of observation tower or movie theater and the claustrophobia is dissipated.

And *that* would be true even if all other elements in the film were good. In fact, they are almost all bad. The photography and lighting are crude, the direction is amateurish. The screenplay by George Tabori thins the original just enough to sap its insidious credibility as a series of ironic psychological traps and counter-traps, so that when one of the characters admits he is in another's power, it does not have the wispy but wiry conviction that Sartre gave it. Ben Piazza's brief appearance as the valet is insolently right. Viveca Lindfors, as the lesbian, is, happily, less self-indulgently emotional than she was in *Brecht on Brecht;* she conveys understanding of the part but without sufficient artistic power to make that understanding really affecting. (Those who saw Colleen Dewhurst in the TV production last year will appreciate the difference.) Rita Gam, as Estelle, looks luscious but is an obvious actress. A full third of this enterprise, the role of the man, is assigned to an inept youth named Morgan Sterne.

Another puzzle is the "anthology" film – the picture made up of separate short episodes on related themes. Why make such a film without a set of sharp scriptlets – funny or biting or moving but all with point? A recent wave of them has revealed no such basis. Now comes *Seven Capital Sins*, a French film whose seven episodes explore the sins of the catechism. It is so freighted with directorial, writing, and acting talent that the flatness of the result is upsetting. How could Jean-Luc Godard have thought there was anything in, and have contributed so little to, the feeble risqué joke in *Laziness*? How could Philippe de Broca have so thoroughly excluded his comic gifts from *Gluttony*? Where did Felicien Marceau and Claude Chabrol get the nerve to write and direct *Greed*? Can they really not know that the story of the posh prostitute who refunds the price of the cadet's lottery ticket is – if I may be forgiven – hoary? (It was one of Alexander Woollcott's favorites.)

Pride by Roger Vadim is at least a neatly machined French-type skit about an errant wife's piquant reason for reform. But the only episode really worthy of its sin is *Anger*, written by Eugene Ionesco (his first screenplay) and directed by Sylvain Dhomme. Satan is strolling about in bored human form on a bonny *bourgeois* Sunday and decides to stir things up. By putting a fly in every husband's Sunday soup, he ignites a fuse that leads from family quarrels to world cataclysm. Its wit and imagination indicate that Ionesco has a pretty sense of how to play with film possibilities to some purpose. An "anthology" film entirely by Ionesco (who has always been at his best in short bursts) – now there is an idea.

While listening to Marlon Brando in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, I wondered how his English accent would strike the English themselves. Results are now in from the British papers, and you may be amused by their contradictions. Samples:

"His upper-class accent is dead accurate . . . absolutely authentic" (Penelope Gilliatt, *Observer*). "Brando's pseudo-British vowels suggest those of a competent US cabaret mimic" (Paul Dehn, *Herald*). "Dandified and remarkable" (*Guardian*). "At the level of parody" (Isabel Quigly, *Spectator*). "Sounded just like Michael Wilding" (Donald Zec, *Mirror*). "Reedy nose-flutings offered as posh English" (John Coleman, *New Statesman*). "Sounds as if it had been dubbed by a subaltern at Sandhurst" (Eric Shorter, *Telegraph*). "Light and South Kensington" (David Lewis, *Express*). "Outrageous" (Felix Barker, *News*). "A minutely studied Brompton Road accent" (David Robinson, *Financial Times*).

To paraphrase Henry Higgins, why can't the English learn how they speak?

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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ARCHITECTURE

A Center for Drive-In Culture

There is no doubt that a good concert hall and possibly also an opera house and another theater building are sorely needed in the capital city of the United States. There is room for considerable doubt, however, that it is really desirable to wrap the three into the one big package, to be dumped on the banks of the Potomac, we are now being sold with such hoopla.

To raise such doubt about our proposed National Cultural Center seems somehow naughty. It's a little like sneaking downstairs at dawn to see what's under the Christmas tree. Here is this lovely big present the President himself and Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Danny Kaye and Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower and Mr. Leonard Bernstein and Mrs. Roger L. Stevens and Robert Frost and August Heckscher and all these other fine people are working so hard to give us. And we know Culture is good for us, so we should know that national culture is 180 million times better. We must also appreciate how hard it is still going to be to raise the $30 million for this building Jackie and Dannie and Augie and Mamie and Lenny and everybody want us to have. So it seems downright uncultured to look at it right in the mouth.

Besides, we do need that concert hall in Washington. And we badly need government interest in and support for the arts.

National Cultural Center Week, on the other hand, is over now (it ended November 30). It seems all in the bag, anyway, including some of the necessary money. So perhaps there's no harm, after all, in taking a good look at the model of the Center, now on public display at the National Gallery of Art, to see what we're getting.

In one sentence: Unless plans are changed, we will get a mediocre building on an impossible site that is not a Cultural Center but a Festival Hall.

Let's begin with the site which, aside from the possibly semantic question of cultural center versus festival hall, is really the rub. Nobody so far has dared say much about it, except what a wonderful view it will afford from the terrace and lobby of Edward Durrell Stone's proposed building. The reason is that the land is worth $12 million and was donated by Congress for the specific purpose of a National Cultural Center, provided the rest of the money is raised privately. No one wants to complain about $12 million.

The gift is a 15-acre piece of public park land along the Potomac, opposite Roosevelt Island and just a little south of the Lincoln Memorial. Part of the trouble is that Congress has been equally generous to the highway department and that the site will be virtually wrapped in a spaghetti of highways. A big inner loop expressway will just about scrape Mr. Stone's building within 200 yards and another, smaller one, Rock Creek Parkway, will go right under it. It is bad enough that the center will be located so far away from the heart of the city where the hotels, restaurants, bars, civilization and life are. It is worse that because of distance plus the highways the only way to reach the center is by automobile unless they launch a Potomac river barge. It will be next to impossible to walk there and Mr. Stone's design shows no footpaths. These could, of course, easily be added if footbridges across or tunnels under the highways are also built. This, however, seems hardly a dignified and civilized way of approaching culture.

But aside from dignity this also means that one can't park anywhere but in the center's underground garage. It will hold 1,500 cars which may or may not be enough for 6,450 people who will visit the center if the 2,500-seat opera, 2,750-seat concert hall, and 1,200-seat theater are all sold out on the same night. It will, at any rate, cause quite some delay and commotion to drive 1,500 cars into and out of one parking lot at the same time at the beginning and end of performances.

The site also obviously forced the hand of the architect. Mr. Stone is a charming teddy bear of a man with a pleasant Arkansas drawl who rose to moderate fame in the thirties as the avant-garde international style architect of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Thereafter he fell into oblivion from which he emerged in the mid-fifties with a new architectural style, announcing that henceforth he would "go to bat for beauty." With the US Embassy in New Delhi he produced a building which, to judge from photographs, is, indeed, stunningly attractive. It is basically square and formal international-style curtain-wall architecture. But to shade the interior against the hot New Delhi sun, Stone cantilevered his flat roof way out, supported it with delicate outside columns, and wrapped the structure in a lacy decorative grille. This gave the building a lithe loveliness particularly appropriate to India.

A sensation in New Delhi, the grille still looked stunning in Brussels around Stone's World's Fair pavilion. It became an utter, absurd bore on dozens of Stone's subsequent buildings, including college dormitories, a pharmaceutical factory, and a gas station at Idlewild airport. He has now abandoned what has become a fad and emphasizes other features of his New Delhi success, the overhanging roof, punctured by a row of slots, somewhat like the holes in IBM cards, and the delicate, gilded columns.

Applied to the National Geographic Society office building in downtown Washington, this formula works extremely well. That almost-completed ten-story structure promises to be another beauty. The cantilevered roof and the strongly articulated, soaring mullions are reminiscent of the best of Louis Sullivan's early skyscrapers at the turn of the century which in turn was somewhat inspired by Florentine palaces.

Applied to the Cultural Center, however, the punch card roof and the spindly columns don't really help, but rather emphasize a basically bland form. All that roof, punched or not, seems to squash the flat horizontal box even more. There is probably no other shape for the building as long as we persist on putting an opera, a theater

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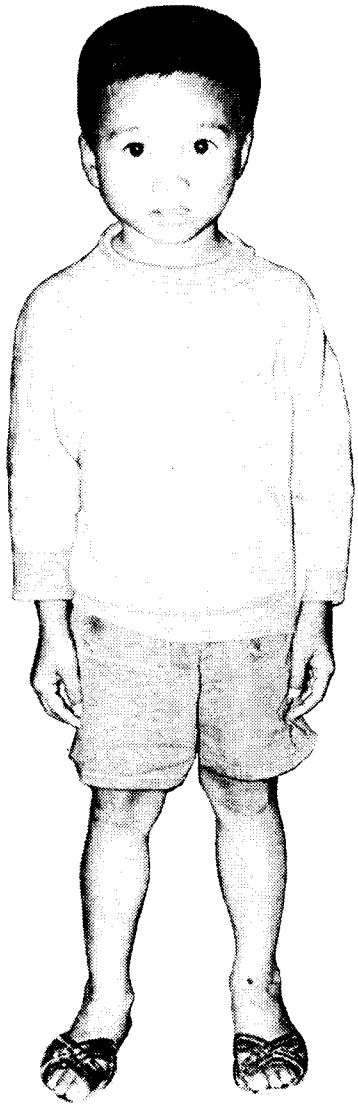
and a concert hall under one hat. This has some economic advantages such as a common lobby, common backstage loading space and common mechanical equipment. But these seem outweighed by the practical disadvantage of traffic congestion and the aesthetic disadvantage of great bulk. Architectural mass can be quite uplifting if it is treated in a monumental fashion. But we don't want another monumental design so close to the Lincoln Memorial. This forced Stone to give us his oversized garden restaurant straining to take the emphasis off its 600-foot length, 200-foot width and 100-foot height. What makes its model so seemingly pretty is only exterior decoration – things like the gilded columns and the planter boxes dangling between them and the neatly arranged greenery and umbrellas on the roof and terrace which will both contain restaurants.

That terrace, and Stone's idea of a roof-garden which can be closed against the weather and where concerts and exhibits can be held, will, of course, be most enjoyable. It is pleasant to contemplate intermissions in such a huge lobby opening to the terrace and the river view. But here again, some of that restaurant decorator pretty-prettyness creeps in. Consider the huge crystal chandeliers, for instance. This appliance, as the name implies, was invented to hold candles and reached the height of its splendor but also some banality in the gas-lit days of Empress Eugènie. Since Mr. Stone will presumably illuminate our Cultural Center with that great American invention, the electric light bulb, it seems quaint that he did not find a more appropriate way of reflecting it.

We must not forget, finally, that we will hardly see the finished building from the helicopter perspective from which the model, displayed on a belly-high table, is usually viewed and photographed. In that view its main assets, the roof garden and the terrace, are prominently expressed. But from ground level the second roof and its colonnade can only be seen across the highway from a dimming distance. And the somewhat more interesting glass façade and terrace display themselves exclusively towards Roosevelt Island



you can give him hope and life

Chu Kin Wah, Chinese in Hong Kong, age 7. One of six children. Parents refugees from Communist China. Father vegetable hawker. Earns approximately $24.50 per month. Family lives in leaky shack on hillside. Measures 11′ x 12′. Only furniture 1 board bed, 1 small table, tin box for clothes and few stools. Children undernourished, sad. Parents cannot afford school fees. They look with despair on children whom they cannot support. Help to Kin Wah means help to entire family. Aid urgent.

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which is populated only by the birds.

Fortunately, there is nothing really irretrievable about any of this. If all these wonderful people in charge of this effort could persuade Congress to leave the gift horse site to its fine old trees and, maybe, a nice waterfront restaurant and contribute another to culture, Mr. Stone will surely be able to come up with a more inspiring design.

A logical place for it would be Pennsylvania Avenue. The President has recently appointed a special committee to consider ways of turning it from its present decrepit condition into the great ceremonial thoroughfare it was meant to and should be. What better place for national culture than between the Capitol and the White House?

Conceivably the three buildings could be placed in a relationship which, in a geographic sense, justifies the word center. If such a layout around a nice plaza, perhaps, promises to enhance the beauty and liveability of Washington, fine. If it doesn't there is really nothing to be gained by sticking to this "center" notion. We are not talking about a place, like New York's Lincoln Center, where schools, libraries, workshops, studios, intensive artistic encounter, and financial support, in addition to auditoriums, combine to advance study, experimentation and excellence in the performing arts. Perhaps some day we can have such a center in Washington, too.

But no one is really talking about that. What we are talking about is that it's a shame that our national capital doesn't have a better concert hall than that place built for the political pep-rallies of the Daughters of the American Revolution; that a group like the Bolshoi must perform in a movie house whose stage is too small and which will soon be torn down; and that we can't attract more nationally and internationally famous performing groups to supplement the fine efforts of Washington's own not-yet-so-famous ones.

When the capital cities of other nations were faced with such needs they just built themselves a concert hall, an opera house and a theater. And they saw to it that people can get to them – even on foot.

WOLF VON ECKARDT

Correspondence

What Red China Wants

Sirs:

In "What Red China Wants," (November 17) Mark Mancall persuasively contends that America and Great Britain, in helping India defend herself, should not force India to abandon her neutral position; and India should retain her role as a non-Western alternative to China as a model for economic development. This conclusion, however, stands regardless of one's interpretation of China's motives in launching a military offensive. But since Mancall offers an analysis of China's motives, and since America's reaction to Chinese policy will, in large measure, depend on a proper understanding of Chinese goals and methods, I should like to raise some questions about his interpretation.

A more usual interpretation might first have related Chinese foreign policy to domestic concerns. Mancall never does so. For example, the communalization process of 1958 and the Quemoy crises occurred virtually simultaneously. And no one need point out to readers of *The New Republic* the extent of China's present economic difficulties or the discontent, discouragement, and slackening-off of moral fervor which they have engendered.

Mancall never places the Chinese actions in the context of Sino-Soviet relations. This is folly, since it is quite clear that China is vigorously contending that Russia's policy for coexistence is appeasement, that the enemy is only a paper tiger, and that force judiciously exercised against such an opponent can gain Communism its just claims. Unless one understands the importance China's rulers place on this dispute for the future of Communism and of China's claims to Quemoy and Matsu and Taiwan, one cannot understand why China chose to attack at this time. Russia refused to take sides in the border dispute with India in autumn, 1959. China has not appreciated Russia's backdown in Cuba. China's controlled invasion was, I think, an attempt to reorient bloc thinking on the virtues of limited war and risking war.

Mancall argues that although it might seem that China's policy change toward

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India followed upon India's sympathetic support of the Tibetan rebels and refugees in 1959 (and we should remember that virtually all Chinese support the Chinese claim to Tibet; indeed Chiang has even shown willingness to give up completely his claim that Outer Mongolia is also part of China), actually China's takeover in Tibet in 1950 was already "an invasion as much directed against India." He offers no reasons why we would accept this assertion.

The Tibetan revolt was not, as Mancall contends, one that China expected, prepared for, and quickly crushed. The Chinese made great efforts to introduce Communism to Tibet without using force. The revolt was proof that China failed. That revolt, moreover, began by 1955 and was still going on in 1960. One need only read the Communist press to know this. I don't see why Mancall feels he must, without evidence, imply that China's errors in Tibet were, in reality, calculated defeats permitting greater gains. The Communists miscalculated and failed; they often do.

I also believe that China's guarded advance into India may be a large blunder. Where previously ties with the West were seen by many influential Asians as neocolonialism, now as China is seen as an aggressor such ties may be seen as the height of judicious self-defense. Whereas previously American bases in Asia were seen by these people as unnecessary, aggressive, and imperialistic, they may now come to be seen in a far more favorable way.

Finally, why does China's refusal to permit Nehru to mediate the Quemoy and Matsu crisis of 1958 prove China not serious about her coexistence policy? During the election campaign of 1960, President Kennedy himself seemed quite understanding of the strength of China's interest in Quemoy and Matsu. If I were to accept Mancall's analysis I would have to believe that Kennedy's refusal to permit Latin American nations to negotiate Washington's grievance with Havana, and Kennedy's unwillingness to leave Guantanamo, are signs not only of our aggressive intents toward Cuba, but of aggression in general. I would have to ignore Kennedy's concern with domestic pressures, his beliefs that what the United States does in Cuba has some effect on America's allies in Europe, and his statements about the validity of our treaty rights. The point is that not all China's claims are wrong or aggressive merely because a Communist regime makes the claims.

Edward Friedman
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Down with the Farmers

Sirs:

I have just read with the greatest pleasure Edwin Dale's article on farming and the West (December 1). He is perfectly right in saying that nearly every important government has been held in thrall for 30 years by the farmer; and now the farmer threatens all the instruments of international cooperation on which our peace and progress depend (I daresay there is a farmer's lobby at the UN). But he does not go quite far enough. Indeed, in his remarks about "honest people, hard-working people, worthy people" he succumbs to the pernicious cant which must be cleared away.

Sir, no good can come off a farm, classical and classical-American 'myth to the contrary. In Great Britain the farmers are destroying the scenery – for gain; in the US, if Miss Rachel Carson is at all truthful, they destroy wildlife – for gain. In Britain we are forever talking of diverting resources to reanimate depressed areas; but no one has ever suggested diverting some of the capital that's poured into an agriculture. Why not? You know the reason: the farm vote is strategically placed in England, as in America, Germany, France. It can give considerable trouble to refractory governments.

My case is that governments ought to be refractory. Let them serve the majorities that elect or depend on them. Mr. Dale wants a constructive suggestion: here it is. The farmers in each country constitute a minority – in Germany an aging one, in Britain a tiny one – whose interests clash, fundamentally, with those of the majority. Let the rulers of each state launch a campaign, like that of the glorious and successful anti-Corn Law League, to rouse the majority.

Hugh Brogan
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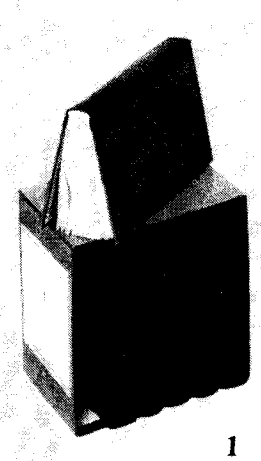

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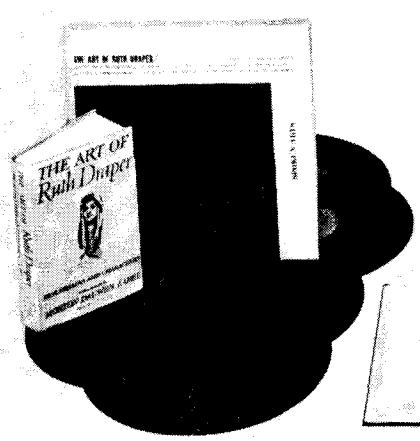

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